

---

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
MODERN DRAMATISTS.

---

M

BEAUTIES

OF

MODERN ENGLAND



THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
MODERN DRAMATISTS.

Containing all the Interesting  
CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS, SPEECHES, &c.

IN THE  
MOST FAVOURITE DRAMAS  
OF  
OUR PRESENT AUTHORS.

CONNECTED AND DIGESTED UNDER APPROPRIATE  
HEADS, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED;

---

BY WALLEY CHAMBERLAIN OULTON.

---

VOL. II.

---

"As to *Dramatic Genius*, Sir, the fact is this—to give a true *Picture of Life*, a Man should enter into all its *Scenes*—should follow *Nature*, Sir—dive into the *World*—search the *Heart of Man*."

REYNOLDS.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WEST AND HUGHES, No. 40,  
*Paternoster Row*, and J. LEE, No. 77,  
*Fleet Street*.

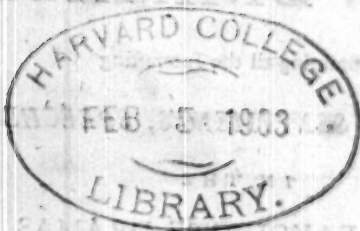
---

1800.

---

Printed by J. Barker, Great Russell-street, Covent-garden.

11437.7



By exchange of duplicates  
from the Lowe Library  
(Gift of John Drew.)

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WENT AND NICHOLS, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Printed by J. Parker, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden.

1800.

Printed by J. Parker, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden.

THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF THE  
MODERN DRAMATISTS.

---

INGRATITUDE.

LLEWELLYN. (*Solus*)

SO, one day more of freedom in despair!  
I thought this heart was proof against my fate;  
But it at length sinks under the oppression.  
Yet, if I droop, it is not that the elements  
Warp round my shivering body; nor that thou,  
Soul-sickening Famine, scowl'st upon my head;  
Ingratitude! that harpy, plows my bosom,  
And drives her talons to my secret soul!  
O man, man, man, creation's pride and shame,  
How shall we palliate thy treachery?  
The brute, obeying instinct, loves his master,  
And chance offending, humbles at his feet,  
Willing to bleed for pardon:—but the friend,  
The bosom-friend, that image of a god!  
Drinks the life-blood there, revels in the stream,  
And drops his traitor-poison in the spring.

*Cambro Britons*, A. 1. Sc. 3.

## SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY AND INKLE.

*Ink.* Now for dispatch ! Hark'ee, old gentleman!

*Sir Ch.* Well, young gentleman ?

*Ink.* If I mistake not, I know your business here.

*Sir Ch.* 'Egad I believe half the island knows it, by this time.

*Ink.* Then to the point—I have a female, whom I wish to part with.

*Sir Ch.* Very likely ; it's a common case, now-a-days, with many a man.

*Ink.* If you could satisfy me, you would use her mildly, and treat her with more kindness than is usual—for I can tell you, she's of no common stamp,—perhaps we might agree.

*Sir Ch.* Oho ! a slave ! Faith, now I think on't, my daughter may want an attendant or two extraordinary ; and as you say she's a delicate girl, above the common run, and none of your thick-lip'd, flat nos'd, squabby, dumpling dowdies, I don't much care if—

*Ink.* And for her treatment—

*Sir Ch.* Look ye, young man ; I love to be plain : I shall treat her a good deal better than you wou'd, I fancy ; for, though I witness this custom every day, I can't help thinking, the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures, is to rescue 'em from the hands of those, who are unfeeling enough to bring them to market.

*Ink.* Fair words, old gentleman; an Englishman won't put up with an affront.

*Sir Cb.* An Englishman! More shame for you! Men who so fully feel the blessings of liberty, are doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom. \* \* \*

*Ink.* Let me assure you, Sir, 'tis not my occupation; but for a private reason—an instant pressing necessity—

*Sir Cb.* Well, well, I have a pressing necessity too; I can't stand to talk now; I expect company here, presently; but if you'll ask for me to-morrow, at the Castle——

*Ink.* The Castle!

*Sir Cb.* Aye, Sir, the Castle; the Governor's Castle; known all over Barbadoes.

*Ink.* 'Sdeath, this man must be on the Governor's establishment; his steward, perhaps, and sent after me, while Sir Christopher is impatiently waiting for me. I've gone too far; my secret may be known—As 'tis, I'll win this fellow to my interest. *(to him)* One word more, Sir; my business must be done immediately; and as you seem acquainted at the Castle, if you should see me there—and there I mean to sleep to-night——

*Sir Cb.* The devil you do!

*Ink.* Your finger on your lips; and never breathe a syllable of this transaction.

*Sir Cb.* No! why not?

*Ink.* Because, for reasons, which perhaps you'll



know to-morrow, I might be injured with the Governor, whose most particular friend I am.

*Sir Ch.* So! here's a particular friend of mine, coming to sleep at my house, that I never saw in my life. I'll found this fellow. (*Aside.*) I fancy young gentleman, as you're such a bosom friend of the Governor's, you can hardly do any thing to alter your situation with him?

*Ink.* Oh! pardon me: but you'll find that hereafter—besides, you doubtless know his character?

*Sir Ch.* Oh, as well as I do my own. But let's understand one another. You may trust me, now you've gone so far. You are acquainted with his character, no doubt, to a hair.

*Ink.* I am—I see we shall understand each other. You know him too, I see as well as I—A very touchy, testy, hot, old fellow.

*Sir Ch.* Here's a scoundrel! I hot and touchy! Zounds! I can hardly contain my passion!—but I won't discover myself. I'll see the bottom of this—(*to him*) Well now, as we seem to have come to a tolerable explanation—Let's proceed to business—Bring me the woman.

*Ink.* No; there you must excuse me. I rather would avoid seeing her more; and wish it to be settled without my seeming interference. My presence might distress her—You conceive me?

*Sir Ch.* Zounds! what an unfeeling rascal!—The poor girl's in love with him, I suppose. No, no, my dear friend. My dealing's with you, and you may tell her now, or I declare off.



*Ink.* Well then, you must be satisfied.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Enter YARICO, who looks for some time in INKLE's face, bursts into tears, and falls on his neck.*

*Ink.* In tears! nay Yarico! why this?

*Yar.* Oh do not—do not leave me!

*Ink.* Why, simple girl! I'm labouring for your good. My interest, here, is nothing: I can do nothing from myself, you are ignorant of our country's customs. I must give way to men more powerful, who will not have me with you. But see, my Yarico, ever anxious for your welfare, I've found a kind, good person, who will protect you.

*Yar.* Ah, why not you protect me?

*Ink.* I have no means—how can I?

*Yar.* Just as I sheltered you. Take me to yonder mountain, where I see no smoke from tall, high houses, fill'd with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes, there, will come to take me from you. And should they stray that way, we'll find a lurking place, just like my own poor cave; where many a day I sat beside you, and bless'd the chance, that brought you to it.—that I might save your life.

*Sir Cb.* His life! Zounds! my blood boils at the scoundrel's ingratitude!

*Yar.* Come, come, let's go. I always fear cities. Let's fly and seek the woods; we'll wander hand in hand together. No more vex us then—we'll let the day glide by.

and you shall sit in the shade, and watch the sun beam playing on the brook, while I sing the song that pleases you. No cares, love, but for food—and we'll live cheerily I warrant—In the fresh, early morning, you shall hunt down our game, and I will pick you berries—and then at night, I'll trim our bed of leaves, and lay me down in peace—Oh! we shall be so happy!——

*Ink.* Hear me, Yarico. My countrymen and yours differ as much in minds as in complexions. We were not born to live in woods and caves—to seek subsistence by pursuing beasts—We christians, girl, hunt money; a thing unknown to you—But, here, 'tis money which brings us ease, plenty, command, power, every thing: and of course happiness. You are the bar to my attaining this: therefore 'tis necessary for my good—and which I think you value—

*Yar.* You know I do; so much, that it would break my heart to leave you.

*Ink.* But we must part: If you are seen with me, I shall lose all.

*Yar.* I gave up all for you—my friends—my country: all that was dear to me: and still grown dearer, since you shelter'd there—All, all was left for you—and were it now to do again—again I'd cross the seas, and follow you, all the world over.

*Ink.* We idle time; Sir, she is yours. See you observe the gentleman; 'twill be better for you. (*going*)  
barbarous! (*holding him*) Do not, do not

*Ink.* No more.

*Yar.* Stay but a little : I shan't live long to be a burden to you : Your cruelty has cut me to the heart. Protect me but a little—or I'll obey this man, and undergo all hardships for your good : stay but to witness 'em—I soon shall sink with grief ; tarry till then ; and hear me bless your name when I am dying ; and beg you, now and then, when I am gone, to heave a sigh for your poor Yarico.

*Ink.* I dare not listen. You, Sir, I hope, will take good care of her. (*going.*)

*Sir Ch.* Care of her—that I will—I'll cherish her like my own daughter ; and pour balm into the heart of a poor, innocent girl, that has been wounded by the artifices of a scoundrel.

*Ink.* Hah ! 'Sdeath, Sir, how dare you——

*Sir Ch.* 'Sdeath, Sir, how dare you look an honest man in the face ?

*Ink.* Sir, you shall feel——

*Sir Ch.* Feel !—It's more than ever you did, I believe. Mean, fordid, wretch ! dead to all sense of honour, gratitude, or humanity—I never heard of such barbarity ; I have a son-in-law, who has been left in the same situation ; but if I thought him capable of such cruelty, dam'me if I wou'd not return him to sea, with a peck loaf, in a cockle shell—Come, come, cheer up, my girl ! You shan't want a friend to protect you, I warrant you. (*taking Yarico by the hand.*)

*Ink.* Infolence! the Governor shall hear of this insult.

*Sir Cb.* The Governor! lyar! cheat! rogue! impostor! breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to those you have no right to. The Governor never had such a fellow in the whole catalogue of his acquaintance—the Governor disowns you—the Governor disclaims you—the Governor abhors you; and to your utter confusion, here stands the Governor to tell you so. Here stands Old Curry, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him!

*Inkle and Yarico, A 3. Sc. 2.*

HARRY DORNTON AND SILKY.

*Silky.* Ah! my dear Mr. Dornton, how do you do?—I hope you are very well! I am exceedingly glad to see you! This call is so kind, so condescending! It gives me infinite pleasure!

*Harry.* Mr. Silky, you must instantly grant me a favor?

*Silky.* A favor! What is it? How can I serve you? I would run to the world's end.

*Harry.* You must exert your whole friendship!

*Silky.* Friendship, Sir? Say duty! 'twas you that made a man of me! I should have been ruined, in the Bench, I know not where or what, had you not come forward and supported me at the critical moment! And now I can defy the world!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Harry.* The request is serious—trying!

*Silky.* So much the better! So much the better!  
Whom would I serve, if not you?—You! the son  
of the first man in the city!

*Harry.* (*Wildly*) You-mistake!

*Silky.* I don't! you are, you are! Dornton and Co!  
may challenge the world, the house of Hope, per-  
haps excepted!

*Harry.* Woefully mistake!

*Silky.* Pooh!

*Harry.* Our house is in danger of stopping pay-  
ment!

*Silky.* Sir?—Stop payment!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Harry.* What means this alteration in your coun-  
tenance?

*Silky.* Oh dear, no! Ha, ha, ha! Not in the least!  
Ha, ha, ha, I assure you, I, I, I—

*Harry.* I have told you our situation. Yourself  
and two other friends must jointly support my fa-  
ther, by your credit, to the amount of fifty thou-  
sand pounds—Mark me!—must!

*Silky.* Fifty thousand pounds, Mr. Dornton? Fifty  
thousand pounds! Are you dreaming? Me? Fifty  
thousand pounds! Me? Or half the sum? Or a fifth  
of the sum? Me!

\* \* \* \* \*

Are you mad, Mr. Dornton? Are you mad?  
Or do you think me mad?

*Harry.* I think you the basest of wretches!



*Silky.* Nay, Mr. Dornton, I would do any thing to serve you! Any thing, I protest to heaven! would go any where, run—

*Harry.* Of my errands, wipe my shoes! Any dirty menial office that cost you nothing—And this you call shewing your gratitude?

*Silky.* Is it not, Mr. Dornton?

*Harry.* (*His anger rising*) And will you give no help to the house?

*Silky.* Nay, Mr. Dornton—!

*Harry.* After the favours you have been for years receiving, the professions you have been daily making, and the wealth you have by these means, been hourly acquiring! Will you not, Sir?

*Silky.* (*Retreating*) Nay, Mr. Dornton—!

*Harry.* Will you not, Sir?

*Silky.* Don't hurt a poor old man! I can't!

*Harry.* (*Seizing, shaking him, and throwing him from him*) Scoundrel!      *Road to Ruin, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

## INSENSIBILITY.

MORDENT AND LENNOX.

*Mr.* Advice! I too, fool that I am, knowing the impotence of man to avert mischief, I wish for advice! I—(*Aside.*) There may be danger in telling him?

*Len.* Well?



*Mor.* A—A friend of mine has a child; suppose it a—  
a natural child; that he knows not how properly to dispose of.

*Len.* (*Ironical gravity.*) A natural child, that he knows not how properly to dispose of?

*Mor.* Yes.

*Len.* Could not he sell it to the kidnappers?

*Mor.* Pshaw!

*Len.* There are honest overseers, that will take it, fifty pounds down!

*Mor.* Not an infant: twenty years of age.

*Len.* Oh! Then indeed! There are crimp sergeants!

*Mor.* When I put a serious question, I expect a serious answer.

*Len.* (*Indignation.*) Serious! And ask what a man is to do with his child!

*Mor.* Suppose he should have legitimate offspring?

*Len.* (*Sneer.*) Oh, oh! Legitimate! Hah! Made of other metal? A different manufacture?

*Mor.* You won't hear! He provided for her.

*Len.* A female, too?

*Mor.* Would have continued to provide, but she rejected his assistance.

*Len.* How so?

*Mor.* Unless he would see her, embrace her; that is, whine over, acknowledge her, and bestow his blessing.

*Len.* And he refused?

*Mor.* Why not? Of what benefit are blessings?

Where all is evil, why torment conscience concerning the mode?

*Len.* He is a monster!

*Mor.* But, fir, appearances—

*Len.* Damn appearances!

*Mor.* Friends—

*Len.* Damn his friends!

*Mor.* A wife—

*Len.* Damn his wife! He has friends, appearances, and a wife; but he has no heart!

*Deserted Daughter, A. 2. Sc. 11.*

## INTEGRITY.

SUSAN TO MONROSE.

Look thee, brother Harry, if it be thy meaning that I should lend thee my little finger here toward the cheating of other people, thou'll be plaguily cheated thyself: so take warning. No, Harry, I love thee too well to turn my hand to tricks that shall bring thee to shame.

*Knave or Not, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

ROSTRUM *looking after* UNDERMINE.

This will never do for me. Oh! I foresee a dissolution of partnership here—but he is a relation—what then—am I therefore to sacrifice principle to duty—no—I remember our school adage was “*Ami-*

"*cus Plato sed majis amica veritas*;" which I thus interpret—Undermine is my uncle, but integrity is my father. — *Secrets Worth Knowing*, A. 3. Sc. 4.

---

## FARMER GAMMON, SIM, &amp;c.

*F. Gam.* Here, Sim, kick open that garden gate.

*Banks.* What?

*F. Gam.* Does the lad hear?

*Sim.* Why, yes, yes,

*F. Gam.* Does the fool understand?

*Sim.* Dang it, I'm as yet but young; but if understanding teaches me how to wrong my neighbour, I hope I may never live to years of discretion.

*F. Gam.* What, you cur, do you disobey your feyther? Burst open the garden gate as I command you.

*Sim.* Feyther, he that made both you and the garden, commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

*Wild Oats*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

---

## TRUDGE AND PLANTER.

*Plant.* Hark'ee, young man! Is that young Indian of your's going to our market?

*Trudge.* Not she—she never went to market in all her life.

*Plant.* I mean, is she for our sale of slaves? Our Black Fair?

*Trudge.* A Black fair! Ha! ha! ha! You hold it on a brown green, I suppose.

*Plant.* She's your slave, I take it?

*Trudge.* Yes; and I'm her humble servant, I take it.

*Plant.* Aye, aye, natural enough at sea.—But at how much do you value her?

*Trudge.* Just as much as she has saved me—My own life.

*Plant.* Phaw! you mean to sell her?

*Trudge.* (*staring.*) Zounds! what a devil of a fellow! Sell Wows!—my poor, dear, dingy wife!

*Plant.* Come, come, I've heard your story from the ship.—Don't let's haggle; I'll bid as fair as any trader amongst us: But no tricks upon travellers, young man, to raise your price.—Your wife, indeed! Why she's no Christian?

*Trudge.* No; but I am; so I shall do as I'd be done by, Master *Black-market*: and, if you were a good one yourself, you'd know, that fellow-feeling for a poor body, who wants your help, is the noblest mark of our religion.—I wou'dn't be articled clerk to such a fellow for the world.

*Plant.* Hey-day! The booby's in love with her! Why, sure, friend, you wou'd not live here with a Black?

*Trudge.* Plague on't; there it is. I shall be laugh'd out of my honesty, here.—But you may be jogging, friend; I may feel a little queer, perhaps, at showing her face—but, dam'me, if ever I do any thing to make me ashamed of showing my own.

*Inkle and Yarico, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## INTERVENTION.

OSMOND AND ANGELA. (*PERCY concealed in a suit  
of armour on a pedestal.*)

*Osmond.* Angela! I love you!

*Ang.* (*starting.*) My Lord!

*Osmond.* (*passionately.*) Love you to madness!—My bosom is a gulph of devouring flames! I must quench them in your arms, or perish! Nay, strive not to escape: Remain, and hear me! I offer you my hand: If you accept it, mistress of these fair and rich domains, your days shall glide away in happiness and honour; but if you refuse and scorn my offer, force shall this instant——

*Ang.* Force? Oh! No!—You dare not be so base!

*Osmond.* Reflect on your situation, Angela: You are in my power——Remember it, and be wise!

*Ang.* If you have a generous mind, that will be my surest safeguard. Be it my plea, Osmond, when thus I sue to you for mercy, for protection! Look on me with pity, Osmond! 'Tis the daughter of the man you loved; 'tis a creature, friendless, wretched, and forlorn, who kneels before you, who flies to you for refuge! True, I am in your power: Then save me, respect me, treat me not cruelly; for—I am in your power!

*Osmond.* I will hear no more. Will you accept my offer?



*Ang.* Osmond, I conjure you——

*Os.* Answer my question!

*Ang.* Mercy! Mercy!

*Os.* Will you be mine?—Speak! Speak!

*Ang.* (*after a moment's pause, rises, and pronounces with firmness.*) Never, so help me Heaven!

*Os.* (*seizing her.*) Your fate then is decided!  
(*Angela shrieks.*)

*Percy.* (*in a hollow voice.*)—Hold!

*Os.* (*starts, but still grasps Angela's arm.*)—Ha!  
What was that?

*Ang.* (*struggling to escape.*) Hark! Hark!—Heard you not a voice?

*Os.* (*gazing upon Percy.*)—It came from hence!—From Reginald!—Was it not a delusion?—Did indeed his spirit——(*relapsing into his former passion.*) Well, be it so! Though his ghost should rush between us, thus would I clasp her—Horror! What sight is this?—(*At the moment that he again seizes Angela, Percy extends his truncheon with a menacing gesture, and descends from the pedestal. Osmond releases Angela, who immediately rushes from the chamber, while Percy advances a few steps, and remains gazing on the Earl fled. fastly.*)—I know that shield!—that helmet!—Speak to me, dreadful vision!—Tax me with my crimes!—Tell me that you come—Stay! Speak!—(*following Percy, who, when he reaches the door, through which Angela escaped, turns, and signs to him with his hand. Osmond starts back in terror.*)—He forbids my following!—He leaves me!—The door closes—(*in a sudden*



*burst of passion, and drawing his sword*)—Hell, and fiends! I'll follow him, though lightnings blast me!

*Castle Spectre, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## JUDGMENT.

JOHN, BOWMAN, ARCHERS, &c.

*John.* Fix the bench of justice here, which is made of Yew, signifying the bitterness of judgment. We should have tried this wicked priest, and our treacherous companion, before day, but judicial proceedings ought never to be carried on in the dark.

*Bow.* Nor in twilight, John; therefore we English hate Star-chamber business. But it is now broad light, shall we proceed?

*John.* Yes: but first bring me in the robes and coif, we stripped from the learned Sergeant of the law, on his way to the Parvise. A judge might as well appear without his head, as without his robe; for professional wisdom consists much in looking grave. (*Puts on the robes.*) Great knowledge and *bonus focus* lie deposited under this coif. Now I am equipt in the uniform of the courts, and qualified to hear and determine causes. (*Sits.*) Do I look wise?—

*Bow.* Aye, as wise as an owl at midnight—So wise, were you to appear in Westminster-hall, on a call of Serjeants, the judges might cry out—*I spy a brother.*

*John.* Now for the prisoners and witnesses.— Though to be sure I am acquainted with the whole case myself; but then being a judge, I must know nothing but what comes out in evidence.

*Bow.* Shall we impanel a jury?

*John.* A jury! Pish, no: where is the necessity; juries follow the direction of the court: yet we may as well have one for form's sake. Range yourselves, Archers, for the jury. (*The Archers range themselves in a row.*) Now bring in the Prosecutors and the Prosecutees. (*Friar and Scarlet brought in.*) Why are the prisoners bound? For shame, Bowmen! A man upon his trial should be perfectly at ease in his body, that he may have the free use of his mind. (*The prisoners are unbound.*) Now carry away the ropes: the sight of the halters may be offensive, or raise a fellow-feeling, and disturb some of the jury. Command silence.

*Bow.* Silence!

*John.* You, Father Tuck, and you, William Scarlet, stand charged with carrying on a correspondence with the Bishop of Hereford, and an intention to betray us, Lords and Yeomen of the Forest, into his hands.

*Bow.* How say you, William Scarlet; guilty or not guilty?

*Scar.* Not guilty.

*John.* Not guilty! Say so again, you damned dog, and you shall be hanged without further trial, as a notorious liar.—Will you challenge any of the jury?

*Scar.* You know, John, I'd fight the best of them.

*John.* Fight the best of you : he don't understand the term ; but, gentlemen, it is legal practice that the prisoner should be ignorant of the proceedings carried on against him. [To the Archers.

*Scar.* Will you listen to reason ?

*John.* Listen to reason ! No, firrah, not on the part of the prisoner : I sit here as a judge of the law, not of reason ; besides, I have four reasons for hanging you. First, you must be hanged, because I am not to sit here for nothing : secondly, you must be hanged, because you have nobody to stand up for you : thirdly, you must be hanged, because you appear in *formâ pauperis*, without money ; and, fourthly, you must be hanged, because you have a damned hanging look. Gentlemen, I have finished my charge.

*Bow.* Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed ? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty ?

*Arch.* Guilty.

*Bow.* Put him bye. Stand forward, Friar. Friar Tuck, are you guilty, or not guilty ?

*Friar.* Guilty.

*John.* The first truth I believe you ever told.

*Friar.* May I speak ?

*John.* Not after conviction—Take him away.

*Friar.* One word—

*John.* Stop his mouth—

*Friar.* I plead my clergy.

*John.* Plead your clergy !—The devil you do?—

Oh, ho! — Gentlemen of the jury, this is point of law, and must be left to Robin Hood. I shall only observe, that it is really a strange doctrine, that men of the church and men of letters, should commit with impunity crimes for which other men suffer without mercy.

*Robin Hood*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

---

## JUSTICE.

DUKE TO FULVIA.

The sanctity of justice is the heart  
Of him who judges; place makes no distinction.

*Julia*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

---

IDA TO HERMAN.

Justice should not mask her awful face.  
O, if there be a land, where equal laws  
And open judgment are the claims of all,  
Where those of our own rank pronounce upon us,  
There true decision calls on punishment,  
Temper'd in anger by enthroned Mercy.

*Supreme Tribunal*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

WILFORD AND FITZHARDING.

*Wilf.* I pray you tell me, Sir, What is the charge?

*Fitz.* I do not know its purport.

I would not hear on't: for on my own voice rests  
The issue of this business;—and a judge  
Should come unbiased to his office. Wilford,  
Were twenty brothers waiting my award,  
You should have even, and impartial justice.

*Iron Chest, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

## JUSTICE. (MODERN)

ALDOBRAND AND ROSA.

*Rosa.* Well, Signor Aldobrand, I perceive you improve on the poets, who represent Justice as blind: you kindly remove the band from her eyes, that she may distinguish objects clearly.

*Aldo.* Modern Justice is only blind to the faults of her friends.

*Rosa.* And what does she do with her sword?

*Aldo.* Reserves that for their enemies.

*Rosa.* Ha! ha! ha!—Then her scales only remain to be dispos'd of!

*Aldo.* Which are too useful to be parted with. They are for the receipt of fees; one scale for the plaintiff, and the other for the defendant: of course, you know, that which is the best will makes the other kick the beam!—And so much for justice.

*Strangers at Home, A. 2. Sc. 1.*



## JUSTICE AND MERCY.

LORD NORLAND AND EDWARD.

*Edw.* ——— Oh! my Lord, his poor wife told the officers who took him, they had met with misfortunes, which she feared had caused a fever in her husband's head; and, indeed, they found him too ill to be removed; and so, she hoped, she said, "that as a man not in his perfect mind, you would be merciful to him."

*Lord N.* I will be just.

*Edw.* And that is being merciful, is it not, my Lord?

*Lord N.* Not always.

*Edw.* I thought it had been.—It is not *just* to be unmerciful, is it?

*Lord N.* Certainly not.

*Edw.* Then it must be *just*, to have mercy.

*Lord N.* You draw a false conclusion. Great as is the virtue of *mercy*, *justice* is greater still. *Justice* holds its place among those cardinal virtues which include all the lesser. *Every One has his Fault*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

## KNIGHTHOOD.

CLEMENTINA AND ALLSPICE.

*Clem.* I declare and vow, pa, your vulgarity horrifies me. Suppose you were to go to court with an address, and be knighted, wou'd not your manners—



*Allsp.* Me knighted! Fiddlestick's end. When such chaps as I go to get dubb'd, if, instead of a sword, his majesty wou'd but order one of his beef-eaters, to lay a stick across our shoulders, it wou'd be a hundred per cent the better.

*Way to Get Married, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

---

## KNOWLEDGE.

LADY ESTHER AND DORVILLE.

*Lady Est.* Have you no knowledge of the world?

*Mr. Dorville.* I have a knowledge of the human heart, which tells me, that, as I have listened to the story of their necessities, they will not forget me in mine.

*Secret, A. 4. Sc. 8.*

---

## KNOWLEDGE. (SELF)

UNDERMINE AND APRIL.

*Und.* How the devil have you contrived to keep so ruddy a face?

*April.* By keeping clean hands, friend Undermine.

*Und.* And how do you manage to keep your body upright?

*April.* By keeping my heart in the same attitude; for I soon found out that the weight of every ill-gotten guinea is laid on a man's shoulders for life—

bends him down—there is no getting rid of the load. (*Undermine tries to bold up his head but fails*) So I prefer'd a long life to a long annuity, and a light heart to heavy purse, eh, master Undermine.

*Secrets Worth Knowing, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

---

## KNOWLEDGE. (SUPERFICIAL)

WHIMMY AND MRS. MAGGS.

*Whim.* Mrs Maggs, you must—

*Mrs. Maggs.* Well, fir, I know that very well.

*Whim.* What, before I tell you! a gentleman sups with me to-night.

*Mrs. Maggs.* Well, fir, I know a gentleman sups with you.

*Whim.* Ay! you know now I tell you! and I'll have—

*Mrs. Maggs.* Well, fir, I know what you'd have.

*Whim.* Before I tell you! I must be sure have a brill, and variety of other fish.

*Mrs. Maggs.* Well, I know you must have a brill, and variety of other fish.

*Whim.* Certainly you know when I tell you. Besides all other wines, as my friend is a London foaker, have some of my oldest port, some bottled porter, and a pipe.

*Mrs. Maggs.* Well, I know you must have bottled porter and pipe of port.

*Whim.* Now you know nothing at all about it—  
go along. *London Hermit*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

## KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

MONROSE TO SUSAN.

I have travelled, know the world, and mean to profit by my knowledge. Fools and knaves are the two grand classes : for the honest men are too insignificant, and too few, to form a class. Poverty and disgrace are got by keeping them company : and he that would thrive must shun them, as he would the plague.

*Knave or Not*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

## LAW.

OAKWORTH AND GENTLEMAN.

*Gent.* But can't this villainy be in any way redressed ?

*Oakw.* Only one way, if at all ; and the remedy would be as the disease.

*Gent.* What is the remedy ?

*Oakw.* Going to law.

*Gent.* If law can give the remedy, redress is certain ; in this country the way to justice is not through blind mazes and crooked paths—No, 'tis a public road, open to all, obvious to all.

*Oakw.* That is very true; but like other public roads, you will get on a very little way, without money to pay the tolls.

*Notary of Wealth, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

---

## LENITY.

WIRTEMBERG TO THE JUDGES.

—— *Lenity*

Becomes the Judge, but him especially,  
Who aims to emulate the Judge of all.

*Secret Tribunal, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

---

## LIFE (FASHIONABLE.)

SIR GEORGE, LADY FRANCES, MRS. RACKET, AND  
MISS OGLE.

*Lady Fran.* My love! Mrs. Racket, and the Miss Ogles.

*Mrs. Rack.* Give you joy Sir George.—We came to rob you of Lady Frances for a few hours.

*Sir Geo.* A few hours!

*Lady Fran.* Oh, yes! I am going to an Exhibition, and an Auction, and the Park, and Kensington, and a thousand places!—It is quite ridiculous, I find, for married people to be always together—we shall be laughed at!

*Sir Geo.* I am astonished!—Mrs. Racket, what does the dear creature mean?

*Mrs. Rack.* Mean, Sir George!—what she says, I imagine.

*Miss Ogle.* Why, you know, Sir, as Lady Frances had the misfortune to be bred entirely in the country, she cannot be supposed to be versed in Fashionable Life.

*Sir Geo.* No; heaven forbid she should!—If she had, Madam, she would never have been my wife!

*Mrs. Rack.* Are you serious?

*Sir Geo.* Perfectly so.—I should never have had the courage to have married a well-bred Fine Lady.

*Miss Ogle.* Pray, Sir, what do you take a Fine Lady to be, that you express such fear of her?  
(*sneeringly.*)

*Sir Geo.* A being easily described, Madam, as she is seen every where, but in her own house. She sleeps at home, but she lives all over the town. In her mind, every sentiment gives place to the Lust of Conquest and the vanity of being particular. The feelings of Wife and Mother, are lost in the whirl of dissipation. If she continues virtuous, 'tis by chance—and if she preserves her husband from ruin, 'tis by her dexterity at the Card-Table!—Such a Woman I take to be a perfect Fine Lady!

*Mrs. Rack.* And you I take to be a slanderous Cynic of two-and-thirty.—Twenty years hence, one might have forgiven such a libel!—Now, Sir, hear my definition of a Fine Lady:—She is a creature for whom



Nature has done much, and Education more; she has Taste, Elegance, Spirit, Understanding. In her manner she is free, in her morals nice. Her behaviour is undistiguishingly polite to her Husband, and all mankind;—her sentiments are for their hours of retirement. In a word, a Fine Lady is the life of conversation, the spirit of society, the joy of the public!—Pleasure follows wherever she appears, and the kindest wishes attend her slumbers.—Make haste, then, my dear Lady Frances, commence Fine Lady, and force your husband to acknowledge the justness of my picture!

*Lady Fran.* I am sure 'tis a delightful one. How can you dislike it, Sir George? You painted Fashionable Life in colours so disgusting, that I thought I hated it; but on a nearer view, it seems charming. I have hitherto lived in obscurity; 'tis time that I should be a Woman of the World. I long to begin;—my heart pants with expectation and delight!

\* \* \* \*

*Sir Geo.* ——— Go, Madam, give yourself to the public; abandon your heart to dissipation, and see if, in the scenes of gait and folly that await you, you can find a recompence for the lost affection of a doating Husband.

\* \* \* \*

SIR GEORGE AND LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD.

*Sir Geo.* The sweet sorrow that glitters in these eyes, I cannot bear (*embracing her*). Look chearfully, you Rogue.

*Lady Fran.* I cannot look otherwise, if you are pleased with me.

*Sir Geo.* Well, Fanny, to-day you made your *entrée* in the Fashionable World; tell me honestly the impressions you receiv'd.

*Lady Fran.* Indeed, Sir George, I was so hurried from place to place, that I had not time to find out what my impressions were.

*Sir Geo.* That's the very spirit of the life you have chosen.

*Lady Fran.* Every body about me seem'd happy—but every body seem'd in a hurry to be happy somewhere else.

*Sir Geo.* And you like this?

*Lady Fran.* One must like what the rest of the World likes.

*Sir Geo.* Pernicious maxim!

*Lady Fran.* But, my dear Sir George, you have not promis'd to go with me to the masquerade.

*Sir Geo.* 'T would be a shocking indecorum to be seen together, you know.

*Lady Fran.* Oh, no; I ask'd Mrs. Racket, and she told me we might be seen together at the Masquerade—without being laugh'd at.

*Sir Geo.* Really?

*Lady Fran.* Indeed, to tell you the truth, I could wish it was the fashion for married people to be inseparable; for I have more heartfelt satisfaction in fifteen minutes with you at my side, than fifteen days amusement could give me without you.

*Sir Geo.* My sweet Creature! How that confession charms me!—Let us begin the Fashion.

*Lady Fran.* O, impossible! We should not gain a single proselyte; and you can't conceive what spiteful things would be said of us.—At Kensington to-day a Lady met us, whom we saw at Court, when we were presented; she lifted up her hands in amazement!—Bless me! said she to her companion, here's Lady Frances without Sir Hurlo Thrumbo!—My dear Mrs. Racket, consider what an important charge you have! for Heaven's sake take her home again, or some Enchanter on a flying Dragon will descend and carry her off.—Oh, said another, I dare say Lady Frances has a clue at her heel, like the peerless Rosamond:—her tender swain would never have trusted her so far without such a precaution.

*Sir Geo.* Heav'n and Earth!—How shall Innocence preserve its lustre amidst manners so corrupt! My dear Fanny, I feel a sentiment for thee at this moment, tenderer than Love—more animated than Passion—I could weep over that purity, expos'd to the fulying breath of Fashion, and the *Ton*, in whose latitudinary vortex Chastity herself can scarcely move unsupported.

*Belle's Stratagem*, A. 2. Sc. 1. and A. 3. Sc. 4.

## LITERATURE.

SIR HAMBER TO LADY DANVERS:

Do you know, Juliana, I've a great mind to give up literature, and learn to caper: I have for this reason—now-a-days, the worst dancer makes more by his heels, than the best author does by his head!

*Fortune's Fool*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

## LONDON.

CLARA TO MRS. DARNLEY.

London! ay: I hate it—I once passed a month there, but they hurried me so from sight to sight, that in the bustle all places appear'd alike—I saw no difference—And, if you'll believe me, one morning, after seeing Westminster Hall in term time, they took me inside Bedlam; and so confus'd was I, that I didn't know the lawyers and their clients, from the keepers and their patients.

*Rage*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

## LOQUACITY.

SIR MILES MOWBRAY AND MR. WRANGLE.

*Sir Miles*. What's the matter now? why do you round me with a circumbendibus in this manner, when I so often desire you to speak plainly, and to the point at once?

*Mr. W.* Well, Sir, then to the point at once.

*Sir Miles.* To be sure, that's the way to be understood, son Wrangle; whereas to be verbose and circumstantial, is to be tedious; and when a man is tedious, you know, 'tis ten to one if his hearers are not tir'd with his preamble, before he lets them into the body of his bill.

*Mr. W.* At the present moment I conceive that fault does not lie with me.

*Sir Miles.* I don't say it does, I don't say it does; yet a fault it is, lie where it will, and every man has his faults, which it is the part of a friend to tell him of, it is the part of a father—You yourself are not without faults, son Wrangle. *First Love, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

---

## LOVE.

DUKE AND AMANTHIS.

*Aman.* Love, love——Aye, that's the word the Count continually repeats—and it is the name of his disorder?

*Duke.* Yes.

*Aman.* And of the Marquis's too?

*Duke.* Yes.

*Aman.* And from whence does it proceed?

*Duke.* From you.

*Aman.* From me?—impossible—I am very well.

*Duke.* Are you ignorant, or do you only pretend to be so?

*Aman.* I am, indeed, ignorant of what you mean.



*Duke.* Then I'll instruct you—Shame of the Marquis to teach you most of the arts, and yet leave it to his old uncle to teach you the art of love.

*Aman.* Well, what is it? I am impatient to know.

*Duke.* And it is so long ago since I felt it, I must recollect a little before I can tell you.—Amongst the passions, is one more troublesome than all the rest, and yet more pleasing than any of them.—It sometimes burns you with heat, and sometimes freezes you with cold—and creates in your mind a constant desire to be with one particular person—and when you are with them, you generally look like a fool.—You think them handsome, though they are frightfully ugly—you think them well shaped, though they are crooked—wise, though they are simpletons—and you hope they love you, though you are sure they do not.

*Aman.* You need not say any more, Sir,—I think I have had the disorder. [*Lacking confused.*]

*Duke.* You have it now.

*Aman.* Yes, 'tis catching—and, I suppose, I caught it of the Count, and gave it to the Marquis—and so we all three have it.

*Duke.* And it is you only who can cure them.

*Aman.* How?

*Duke.* By marrying one of them.

*Aman.* Is that the way?

*Duke.* And, now, which of them will you heal?

*Aman.* Oh! the Marquis! [*With warmth.*]

*Child of Nature, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

## MENTEVOLE AND MARCELLUS

*Mentev.* ——— Take my counsel,  
 Devote thy soul to any thing but love;  
 Steep thy drench'd senses in the mad'ning bowl;  
 Heap gold, and hug the mammon for itself;  
 Set provinces on dice; o'er the pale lamp  
 Of sickly science waste thy vigorous youth;  
 Rush to the war, or cheer the deep-tongu'd hound;  
 Be thou the proverb'd slave of each, or all;  
 They shall not be so noxious to thy soul,  
 As dainty woman's love.

*Marcel.* ——— If this be counsel,  
 It comes with such a harsh and boisterous breath,  
 I more discern the freedom, than the friendship.

*Mentev.* Falsly our poets deck the barbarous god  
 With roseat hue, with infant's dimpling smiles,  
 With wanton curls, and wings of downy gold:—  
 He dips his darts in poisonous aconite;  
 The fiery venom rankles in our veins,  
 Infuses rage, and murderous cruelty.

*Marcel.* The rich juice, pour'd in a tainted jar,  
 Turns to a nauseous and unwholesome draught,  
 But we condemn the vessel, not the wine;  
 So gentle love, lodg'd in a savage breast,  
 May change his nature to a tyger's fierceness.

*Julia, A. 2. Sc. 8.*

## DROOLY AND GANGICA.

*Dro.* So the lady loves me, does she?

*Gan.* Yes.

*Dro.* You'll find it hard to make me believe that.

*Gan.* And you find it much more great deal harder make me believe she not love you.

*Dro.* Indeed!

*Gan.* Yes; she not make me believe herself if she say she not love you.

*Dro.* No?

*Gan.* No;—because dey tell me dat always tell true.

*Dro.* They? Who are they?

*Gan.* Dese——(*pointing to her eyes*). Truth not always come from here (*the mouth*), always from here. (*her eyes*)

*Dro.* Hey!

*Gan.* You tink, because I stranger, I not understand. Oh, language of love is de same in my country, your country, all country.

*Notary of Wealib, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

## LOVE (DISAPPOINTED.)

PENRUDDOCK AND MRS. WOODVILLE.

*Mrs. W.* Let me retire; I cannot bear to hurt you.

*Penrud.* Pray do not leave me: Did you know what struggles I have surmounted, you wou'd say I

perform wonders.—I cou'd not write to you, judge what it is to see you.

*Mrs. W.* I thought that these emotions had sub-  
sided, and that solitude and study had made you a  
philosopher.

*Penrud.* You see what a philosopher I am. You  
never knew me rightly ; I had a heart for friendship  
and love ; I was betrayed by one, and ruined in the  
other.

*Mrs. W.* You have been deeply injur'd, I must  
own : I too have been to blame, but I was young  
and credulous, and caught with glittering snares.

*Penrud.* Aye, snares they have been ; fatal ones,  
alas !

*Mrs. W.* I have liv'd in dissipation, you in calm  
retirement : how peacefully your hours have pass'd,  
how unquietly mine ! One only solace cheer'd my  
sad heart—my Henry, my son.

*Penrud.* I've seen him ; I've convers'd with him :  
he spoke unguardedly, but disappointment sours the  
mind ; he treated me unjustly—but he resembles you,  
and I forgave him.

*Mrs. W.* When you say that, you speak what I  
was, not what I am.

*Penrud.* You are much chang'd, much faded ; but  
I have your picture fresh and fair as the first bloom  
of youth.

*Mrs. W.* My picture ? how did you possess yourself  
of that ?

*Penrud.* By a most foul and infamous piece of

knavery; a treacherous friend defrauded me of the substance, and left me nothing but the shadow to contemplate: but memory was faithful; it has cheer'd me in my solitude.

*Wheel of Fortune, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

---

## LOVE (MUTUAL.)

MARQUIS AND AMANTHIS.

*Marg.* You know, Amanthis, I was a father to you in an age when your understanding could not even thank me for my cares—and since that time I have consecrated to you my whole life—yet, in your education, there have been many things of which I have kept you in utter ignorance—my motives in this, were pure, and I am now desirous to give you my reasons for them.—You are first to learn, there is a sentiment which governs the human heart with more tyranny, more force, more outrage, and yet with more softness, than any other—it is called—love—and why its name and nature I have thus long concealed from you, was from the apprehension that in the solitude where you lived, the sensibility of your heart might cause dangerous illusions:—I feared you might take the tender, calm ties of friendship, for love's superior passion; and seeing none but me, I should consequently become the object of your error—but, too delicate to seduce you, I have undone myself. I have just now been in-



formed of all that has passed this day since you left your confinement, and of which I imagine you thought me unacquainted, and came now to inform me: reply without it.—For these four years I have concealed a passion for you of the tenderest, truest, kind—but your heart decides for another, and I relinquish my pretensions.—Yet do not imagine I approve your choice—Count Valantia is unworthy of you—but you are your own mistress—and however you determine, you shall possess my fortune, and be my daughter still.

*Aman.* The excess of my astonishment has alone prevented me from interrupting you many times.—You accuse me in every sentence—every word you have uttered upbraids—and your generosity, above all, degrades me.—Did you imagine I could accept your favours while I was wounding your peace of mind?—Did you suppose I could prefer to you a stranger, who, if not unworthy, I could not know to be deserving?—and yet this is what you have expected from me.—Learn, my Lord, to be less suspicious—affect less generosity and moderation, and be less ungrateful and unjust.

*Marq.* Severe as your words are, they inspire a hope my heart had banished—explain yourself—deign—

*Aman.* No—you have too cruelly given me offence—you have made me blush at those favours I have received, and still more at those you offer.—

What have I done to make you think thus basely of me? [In tears.]

*Marq.* Behold me at your feet to atone for all I have said—explain.

*Aman.* "Explain!"—even now he doubts me.

*Marq.* No—say but you love me with that passion I have described, and I will never doubt again.

*Aman.* Ah! can I behold you at my feet? *you* to whom I ought to kneel as my father?—but whom I would rather thus tenderly embrace, as a lover.

*Marq.* [*Rising.*]—Oh! rapture!—have I heard those lips disclose a passion so sacred, and so dear, that my fond heart has for years concealed, yet cherished.

*Aman.* Yes, that passion, though unknown for what it was, has been the joy, the happiness of my life—it reconciled me to my solitude, and now could make the hardest lot with you a blessing.

*Child of Nature, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

---

## LOVE (ROMANTIC.)

LYDIA TO JULIA.

Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last.—There, had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of ropes!—Conscious Moon—four horses—

Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the Newspapers!—Oh, I shall die with disappointment!

\* \* \* \*

Now sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparations with a bishop's licence, and my Aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar; or perhaps be cryed three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, Spinster! Oh, that I should live to hear myself called Spinster!

\* \* \* \*

How mortifying to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow!—How often have I stole forth, in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping statue!—There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold, and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blast numb'd our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

*Rivals, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

## LOVE. (THE ELOQUENCE OF)

HELEN TO BLANCH.

Love has a fleetier messenger than speech,  
 To tell love's meaning. His expressses post  
 Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue  
 Can shape them into words. A lover's look  
 Is his heart's Mercury. O! the Eye's Eloquence,  
 Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice,  
 Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash  
 The sluggish thunder-peal that follows it.

*Iron Chest, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

## LOVE. (THE RESENTMENT OF)

FAULKLAND AND JULIA.

*Julia.* Has no such disaster happened as you related?

*Faulk.* I am ashamed to own that it was pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: but, sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitor, and expiate my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

*Julia.* Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before fear'd to name, Heaven

knows how sincerely I rejoice!—These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express!

*Faulk.* By Heav'ns! Julia——

*Julia.* Yet hear me.——My Father lov'd you, Faulkland! and you preserv'd the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seem'd to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shewn me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.——

*Faulk.* I confess it all! yet hear——

*Julia.* After such a year of trial—I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unrepublishing kindness, might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed



power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expense of one who never would contend with you.

*Faulk.* Nay, but, Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this——

*Julia.* But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another. I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement.—All I request of *you* is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of—let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one—who would have followed you in beggary through the world!

*Rivals, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

---

WINGROVE AND MISS HERBERT.

*Mr. Wingrove.* Let me conjure you, my dear lovely tyrant, not to play with my anxiety—suspend a while the triumphs of your sarcasm, you cannot misunderstand the agitations of my heart at this moment—you know the cause of them—If you have given my sister an asylum——

*Miss Herbert.* Then, sir, with equal solemnity, I desire you to believe, that if I have given your sister the shelter you imagine, I shall not withdraw it to gratify the prejudices of any of her relations; be-

sides, sir, were your sister assured she should be secure from the odious danger that threatens her from a man she detests, she would I am convinced be happy to throw herself at her father's feet, and on that condition——

*Mr. Wingrove.* It is a condition, however, that will not be granted her, madam. What, when our honour, when the dignity of our house are committed—shall all be sacrificed to the frivolous partiality of a disobedient girl.

*Miss Herbert.* Give me leave, sir, to tell you, that you seem to me to mistake this honour for which you declaim so warmly ; honour holds no society with injustice.

*Mr. Wingrove.* Injustice ! madam !

*Miss Herbert.* Yes, sir, there can be no injustice equal to that of compelling a woman to so sacred a connection as a married union against the known and settled preference of her heart. It is besides, sir, acting a very ungenerous part towards Lord Dartford himself.

*Mr. Wingrove.* Not at all, madam ; Lord Dartford knows of her aversion, and has spirit enough to disregard it.

*Miss Herbert.* Does he, sir ; then indeed there can be no doubt, with all due deference to his spirit, but he merits it—But in the mean time Mr. Wingrove, permit me to embrace the very earliest opportunity of expressing my gratitude for this new philosophy you have been kind enough to teach us.

You are the first lover I believe that ever told his mistress to her face, that a union of the affections was a superfluous ingredient in the composition of matrimony—You made the discovery, sir.—You will leave it to me to make the proper use of it.

*Mr. Wingrove.* Nay, madam, if you are determined to make no other use of what I say, but to pervert it into ridicule or injury, I know nothing that's left me, but to use the only privilege which I think you will not deny me, that of making a speedy departure. I have long despaired of exciting any sympathy in you towards myself, yet the distresses of an afflicted brother, I had fondly believed, would have inclined you to forbearance at least, if they had failed to produce any more active effect upon your humanity.

*Fugitive, A. 2. Sc. 4.*

---

## LOVE. (THE TEST OF)

FAULKLAND AND JULIA.

*Julia.* What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

*Faulk.* Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

*Julia.* Heavens! what do you mean?

*Faulk.* You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, start not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery upon me.—I left you

fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have call'd you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

*Julia.* My soul is oppress'd with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love.—My heart has long known no other guardian—I now intrust my person to your honour—we will fly together.—When safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled—and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a Cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

*Faulk.* O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution. Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

*Julia.* I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have lov'd you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so

long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay——

*Faulk.* 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I griev'd to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

*Julia.* Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

*Faulk.* Aye, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify, may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

*Julia.* If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you;—one who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

*Faulk.* Julia, I have proved you to the quick! and with this useless device I throw away all my doubts.

*Rivals*, A. 5. Sc. 1.



## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BARON AND MARQUIS.

*Baron.* Has your ill fortune, which lately conceal'd your mistress, play'd you some worse trick.

*Marq.* Yes, since you have torn the secret from me; I wish her situation was still unknown to me.

*Baron.* What have you heard then?

*Marq.* The very worst I could hear; I have found out where she is, but only to know her loss is the more certain; in short, her family are going to marry her immediately, and what completes my misfortune, to one of my best friends.

*Baron.* 'Tis a cruel stroke, I agree; but yet not half so bad as being ignorant what was become of her; and though unpleasant, to be sure, I think your situation much better than it was this morning.

*Marq.* Alas! what can equal my present distress! I know not what part to take. Every step seems barr'd, and every hope forbidden.

*Baron.* Not at all; I see one very natural one, my dear Marquis.

*Marq.* What is that?

*Baron.* Pursue your point with the lady.

*Marq.* How is that possible, when I find her engaged to my friend, whom her father has chosen for her? My heart ought for ever to renounce all hope of her—honour and duty both forbid me to think of her?

*Baron.* Honour and duty, my good friend, are quite out of the question. In affairs of this kind, you should think of nothing but your love.

*Marq.* But, my dear Sir, for a moment put yourself in my place, would you do what you advise me? Would you allow your love to make you wanting to your friend?

*Baron.* Yes, Marquis, on this point I should have no mercy; all scruple is mere folly in these cases, and I would not spare my father.

*Marq.* I don't feel such intrepidity; and if I did, what could I have to hope?

*Baron.* Every thing; since you are beloved, you cannot but succeed; I'd be answerable for it myself.

*Marq.* But what steps do you advise, and to what end?

*Baron.* In the first place, to break off this cursed marriage.

*Marq.* Impossible! She's on the point of being married—to-morrow, perhaps—nor can I do such an injury to my friend.

*Baron.* Silly delicacy! if all the young fellows were so scrupulous, I should pity half the wives in Paris. But pr'ythee, Marquis, don't own such sentiments; they would hurt your character essentially.

*Marq.* When you talk so, you are certainly not serious. I have formed and will pursue a nobler design, whatever it may cost me.—I will no longer abuse the error of a friend; I'll this moment dissipate

it, and am resolved, be the consequence what it may, to reveal the whole to him without disguise.

*Baron.* By no means, you'll spoil all.—Did any one ever make such a confidence?

*Marq.* What would you have me deceive a man whom I love, and who is my friend?

*Baron.* Yes, surely, Sir, deceive him.

*Marq.* But it's a shame, a crying injury.

*Baron.* Deceive him, I tell you, deceive him; 'tis the custom.

*Marq.* You advise it!—You!

*Baron.* Most decidedly;—nay more, I insist upon it.

*Marq.* I am astonish'd.

*Baron.* But I really do not comprehend you, you have a most tender friendship, you say, for this man, and are going, in pure kindness, to let him know you are beloved by the woman he is to marry. If any one was to shew me such a kindness, his compliment would be but ill received, I can assure you.

*Marq.* This is unanswerable, and you have convinced me quite. My passion shall now follow the path you have traced out.—But remember, 'tis you that have obliged me to this; you are answerable for my conduct, and if hereafter I am drawn on too far, 'tis you, and not I, that must be blamed.

*False Appearances, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## LOYALTY.

ZORINSKI AND ZARNO.

Zar. Oh! dear master, all my fears are over.

Zo. Who is it?

Zar. Pardon, dear Lord, what a rogue was I to think the great Zorinski could swerve from honour—I feared it was some rival, or—

Zo. Who is't? I say.

Zar. Thank heaven, none that you can harm—it's the King. (*with a smile.*)

Zo. Ha! (*grasps his sword.*)

Zar. Oh God! oh master!—what—impossible—

Zo. Discord is at large—oh, for a tyger's fury—

Zar. (*lays hold of his cloak.*) Oh! think a moment.

Zo. Cling not to me thus—away! I say. (*Zarno runs round, and falls on his knees before him.*) villain!

Zar. Yes, I am—any thing, reproach me, spurn me, kill me—Zorinski an assassin! my Lord a traitor! I can't bear it. Oh! think of dishonour—think of your soul—think of Zarno!

Zo. In vain—in vain—were he guarded by the furies, I would seize him! (*as he is rushing forward, Zarno jumps back, draws his sword, and opposes him.*) ha! raise thy arm against thy master's life!

Zar. Do not you raise your arm against your master's life.

Zo. Oh, hell! he's right—Zarno, thou art sadly changed—I've seen thee draw to save my life.

*Zar.* And now I draw to save what's dearer, your honour, your soul—you pass not—no! I would rather see you dead at my feet, and I the man that laid you there, than suffer you to pass.

*Zorinski, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

## LUXURY CENSURED.

### OLD PRANKS AND WHIMMY.

*Whimmy.* I've transported Italy into England.

*Old Pranks.* Italy!

*Whimmy.* Here you'll see gardens.

*Old Pranks.* I've a garden at Brixton Causeway.

*Whimmy.* Such bananas—

*Old Pranks.* What! do they boil better with a bit of corn'd beef than a summer cabbage?

*Whimmy.* Cabbage! My hot-house!—half a dozen such peaches last Christmas! upon a sum up, the rearing will cost me two guineas a piece.

*Old Pranks.* For whose eating?

*Whimmy.* My own, to be sure.

*Old Pranks.* Old Nick jump after them; swallow in a minute what would have kept a whole family for a twelvemonth.

*Whimmy.* Wer'n't they my own?

*Old Pranks.* Superfluities are not our own, whilst the poor want common necessities.

*London Hermit, A. 1. Sc. 1.*



## MAGNANIMITY.

ALONZO AND ABDALLAH.

*Alon.* ——— Where are thy ruffians—  
Dost thou not see I less abhor to die,  
Than poorly to condition with Abdallah?  
Why urge this parley?

*Abdal.* ——— Thou wert born, Alonzo,  
Thy enemies must own, to grace the name,  
Transmitted thee from a long line of heroes—  
Can'st thou then rashly fix thy fate, and perish  
In flow'r of youth—in ignominy—bondage?

*Alon.* Ay—with a firmness thou can'st never know,  
Who liv'st in guilt; and therefore find'st in living,  
Only a daily respite from damnation.

\* \* \*

I have not liv'd so ill, that I have now  
To learn to die,—and of *Abdallah* too!  
No, white as angels if thou stood'st before me,  
Denouncing thus my doom I could not fear thee,  
How should I *now*? *Almeyda*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

COUNT FLORESKI, KERA KHAN, LODOISKA, &amp;c.

*Count.* Off, slaves, or I will dash you piecemeal.

*Lod.* Floreski!

*Count.* Oh! valiant Tartar, do we meet again?

*Kera Khan.* My friend!—Why do I find you here,

spite of the caution I last night gave you?—Your life might have paid the forfeit of your rashness.

*Count.* That villain Lovinski seiz'd, and detain'd us:—But could I, could I, have left my Lodoiska. 4

*Kera Khan.* What, she you were wildy wandering after?

*Count.* Here,—this, this is my love, my dearest Lodoiska.

*Kera Khan.* (*Drawing his Scymeter*) Hold—What's to be done?—Your love? your Lodoiska? She's mine, mine by a conqueror's right.

*Count.* A conqueror's right!

*Kera Khan.* By a conqueror's right:—and I exert it thus—Take her, she's your's.—You gave me life once, I have sav'd yours a second time.

*Lodoiska, A. 3, Sc. 1.*

## MANLINESS.

ELINOR AND EDWARD, (*a Boy.*)

*Edw.* My heart bleeds for you—pity is so mingled with affection, that I love you more than ever—but why do I stand blubbering here, whilst the wretch lives?—I'll load my pistols—I'll take such cool aim!—oh! your tears shall be revenged.

*Eli.* Hold—consider your youth—you are only a boy—

*Edw.* A boy! 'Slife!—I'm more of a man than he

is—would I have taken advantage of a woman in my power!—would I have saved an innocent girl's life, only to make it a burthen to her?—oh! if this is being a man,—if this be arriving at years of discretion,—may I remain a boy, a weak inexperienced boy, as long as I live! *Cheap Living, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

## MATRIMONY.

FITZHERBERT TO JULIA.

Come, don't look so distress'd, child, at the approach of that period which will give you *dignity* and *character* in society—The marriage-state is that in which your sex evinces its importance; and where, in the interesting circle of domestic duties, a woman has room to exercise every virtue that constitutes the Great and the Amiable.

*Which is the Man? A. 2. Sc. 2.*

OLIVER AND AURELIA.

*Ol.* Can the cold and palsied hand of age tie the delicate knot of love?

*Aur.* No: but cold and palsied as it is, it can weave the inevitable web of misery.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ol.* What are your thoughts on marriage?

*Aur.* Thoughts! It is a subject on which a pennyless damsel must not cast a thought.

*Ol.* But if thoughts will intrude?

*Aur.* Why then thoughts are very impertinent things.

*Ol.* Visitors which cannot be got rid of. Therefore what do you think of matrimony?

*Aur.* That it is the paradise of pleasure for a few months, and the cave of despair for the remainder of life.

*Ol.* It is the cradle of love.

*Aur.* Say the tomb: and, love being dead, jealousy, anger, ambition and avarice, all have full play.

*Ol.* What if love were vigorous enough to repel these ravagers?

*Aur.* He then falls a victim to the petty warfare of caprice, dullness, and the desire of novelty.

*Ol.* What if beauty and wit be his guards?

*Aur.* Alackaday? They are guards that always desert their post; and when on it, are so intoxicated with self admiration that they never do their duty.

*Knave or Not, A 2. Sc. 6.*

---

JULIA TO FAULKLAND.

When Hearts deserving Happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier Rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them, when its Leaves are dropt!

*Rivals, A. 5. Sc. 3.*

SIR CHARLES, LADY DANVERS, AND MISS UNION.

*Lady.* ——— Perhaps though, he is not attach'd

*Miss Un.* He not attach'd!—what then? can't I shew Mrs. Seymour how to decoy him into the snare? how to manage her words? her eyes? her sighs? how to excite his affection by concealing her own?

*Lady.* Conceal affection!

*Sir Ch.* Yes: conceal affection, annihilate passion, extirpate sensibility—in short, turn robber—footpad—and by the fire of the eye, instead of the flash of the pistol, defraud the artless and unthinking, of their fortune, health and happiness! This is Miss Union's road to matrimony.

*Fortune's Fool.* A 1. Sc. 1.

## MERCY.

KERA KHAN, COUNT, VARBEL, &c.

*Kera K.* Thou art brave, and should'st be generous; I ask my life; I should have spar'd thine.

*Var.* Don't believe him; there are millions of them about: He is only laying a trap to catch you at disadvantage.

*Kera K.* Liar! —

*Count.* Hold! I trust to your faith. (*gives him his sword*)

*Kera K.* Young man, my obligations to thee shall live in my heart. (*A tumultuous noise of Tartars is heard*)

*Var.* There, there, I told you so; I knew you'd



throw us into the hands of these Tartars again, and I can't go on fighting all night.

*Kera K.* These Tartars are at my command.

*Enter all the Tartars, headed by* ITHORAK, KHOR, JAPHIS, KAJAH, TAMURI, AND CAMAZIN.

Halt! halt! respect the strangers; they are under my protection.

*Iiborak.* Protection! Kill the slaves!

*Kera K.* Ha! do you growl cur?

*[Throws Iiborak to the ground.]*

*Iiborak.* Mercy! mercy!

*Kera K.* Arise; and let the mercy I extend teach thee to feel for others.

*Lodoiska, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

FITZHARDING TO SAMSON.

*Fitz.* Friend, I will stoop  
To prop a sinking man, that's call'd a rogue,  
And count him innocent, 'till he's found guilty.  
I learn'd it from our English laws; where Mercy  
Models the weights that fill'd the scales of Justice;  
And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,  
Stands by to prompt her. 'Till detection comes,  
I side with the accused.

*Iron Chest, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

## METAPHOR.

OCTAVIO AND ALICE.

*Oa.* Well, Alice, then the charming Viola is permitted by her guardian to visit this house to-day? You may depend on my gratitude!

*Alice.* I will, Sir; though I own it is not a quality on which, generally speaking, I place the greatest dependance.

*Oa.* Surely you do not doubt its existence: you do not think it a mere phantom.

*Alice.* Why really, Sir, my experience has taught me, that gratitude is something like a ghost; every body talks of it, but nobody sees it appear!

*Oa.* As to that, I can easily conjure up the apparition!—(*Giving her a purse*) How do you like it?

*Alice.* Oh! I admire your *spirit*, I assure you, Sir! It could not appear in a prettier shape.

*Strangers at Home, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## MISUNDERSTANDING.

SIR GREGORY AND PEREGRINE.

*Sir G.* Perhaps I am a little more in the secret, than you are aware.

*Pereg.* Then Sir Gregory, I must tell you, I think I have been treated with too little ceremony.

*Sir G.* O, you do?—Ceremony is quite out of the

question : I'll not blink the business a tittle :—you must know you are detected.

*Pereg.* Detected ?

*Sir G.* Yes ;—found out to be an impostor.

*Pereg.* Mighty well, sir!—But this barbarity of manners is not quite a novelty : I was used, full as illiberally, when I first appeared in print.

*Sir G.* What the devil can he mean by appearing in print ?—Advertised perhaps for plundering a church ;—or some such virtuous exploit !

*Pereg.* Yes, it was said that every thing I had, was stolen from Baron *Munchausen*.

*Sir G.* Damn e, I believe you'd steal from any body !—Now I think on't, I recollect the account of the robbery very clearly ; the plate was melted down by a Jew, in Duke's Place.

*Pereg.* Gulphs, deserts, cataracts and mountains ! Are we among the wild boars and buffalos, on the sides of the steep Taranta ? Am I treading on the backs of the crocodiles of Dandara ;—elevated on the flying mountain of the Russians, or the flying bridge of the Chinese ?—Are we among——

*Sir G.* Stop, stop ;—this is *exactly*, word for word, with something, that was *very like* it ; which I remember to have heard, when a boy, from the Merry-Andrew of a Mountebank.

*Enter Waiter, leading in CARTRIDGE.*

*Wait.* Here is the other—

*Cart.* Hey!—what the devil has befallen the traveller! (*aside*)

*Wait.* Caught him, sir, with a mug of ale at his lip, —just going to mend his draught.

*Sir G.* Come, now, as the truth must out, which of you two damn'd rogues, will turn king's evidence —your name is— [To *Cart.*

*Cart.* If you mean me;—I shall remain silent as a spiked cannon!

*Sir G.* Yours? [Turning to *Pereg.*

*Pereg.* Insolent demand!—Go at the top of the Taurus mountains:—or to the pendent tomb of Mahomet—Enquire in the frosty Vallies of Carelia; or among the pearl fishes at Bassora: proceed to the Lybian Desert—

*Sir G.* All this vapour *won't* do:—damn it, you gabble like a juggler over his cups and balls, to prevent the *trick* being found out.

*Cart.* If I see my way clearly, this may turn to account. (*aside.*)

*Wait.* I heard him, your Honour, desire *this* accomplice, to say his name was Peregrine Forester.

*Sir G.* Did he?—then the case is evident.

*Cart.* If I must speak out, sure enough he *did* make that request, and I agreed to it.

*Pereg.* I admit I did—

*Sir G.* That is all we want to know.

*Wait.* Moreover he said in my hearing that he had no settled habitation.

*Pereg.* I don't deny it—

*Sir G.* I thought as much!—I was of opinion, from the first, that he came under the vagrant act.

*Pereg.* Curse your vagrant act!—This to me, who have rid a hunting, on an elephant, in company with the Great Mogul?—Send for the divine Clara:—have recourse to my manuscript travels in that portmanteau: they will testify who I am.

*Cart.* O the portmanteau!—Yes, that shall answer muster-call immediately. *(Cartridge goes out and returns with the portmanteau.)*

*Sir G.* Well, for curiosity, I will just do as you desire—Tell Clara, I wish to see her;—and yet I know all this is a contrivance. Manuscripts you say?—

*Pereg.* Hold off—prophane them not—*(ransacking the portmanteau)*

*Cart.* Fire and fury!—Here's a mine will blow him to the devil. *(aside)*

*Sir G.* Hey! what's here?—The very identical bit of machinery I heard so much confederation about. The manuscripts are extremely *legible* indeed!

*Pereg.* Whirlwinds! and tornados!—all my marvellous travels on foot, walked off;—gone!—Every page!—This is evidently the stratagem of artful agency, to delude you, and injure me—If you have doubts—

*Sir G.* O no—'tis a clear case;—I have not a single doubt, I assure you.

*Enter CLARA.*

*Pereg.* O here is Miss Clara—Pray, madam, declare who I am.



*Clara.* Mr. Peregrine Forester, if I mistake not.

*Perig.* There, sir —

*Sir G.* Now all this is vastly ingenious!—Don't I know, that all the performers in the drama are perfect in their parts: am I not satisfied that every thing was accurately settled at the last rehearsal, in order to impose upon me? *Hartford Bridge, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

---

ISAAC, (*solo.*)

I wish I had ever practised a love scene—I doubt I shall make a poor figure—I cou'd'nt be more afraid if I was going before the Inquisition—so! the door opens—yes, she's coming—the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

*Enter DUENNA (dressed as LOUISA.)*

Now dar'n't I look round for the soul of me—her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

*Duenna.* Sir, I attend your pleasure.

*Isaac.* So! the ice is broke, and a pretty civil beginning too, hem! Madam—Miss—I'm all attention.

*Duenna.* Nay, Sir, 'tis I who should listen, and you propose.

*Isaac.* Egad, this is not so disdainful neither—believe I may venture to look—No—I dar'n't—one glance of those roguish sparklers wou'd fix me again.

*Duenna.* You seem thoughtful, Sir—let me persuade you to sit down.

*Isaac.* So, so; she mollifies apace—she's struck with my figure, this attitude has had its effect.

*Duenna.* Come, Sir, here's a chair.

*Isaac.* Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me—the lady so lovely shou'd deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so.

[*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*

*Duenna.* You seem surpriz'd at my condescension.

*Isaac.* Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprized at it; zounds! this can never be Louisa—she's as old as my mother. [*aside.*

*Duenna.* But former prepossessions gives way to my father's commands.

*Isaac.* [*aside.*] Her father! Yes, 'tis she then—Lord, lord! how blind some parents are!

*Duenna.* Signor Isaac.

*Isaac.* Truly, the little damsel was right—she has rather a matronly air indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune and not her person.

*Duenna.* Signor, won't you sit? [*he sits.*

*Isaac.* Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recovered my astonishment at—your condescension, madam—she has the devil's own dimples to be sure.

[*aside.*

*Duenna.* Nay, you shall not stand [*he sits*] I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surpriz'd at my affability—I own Signor, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and being teized by my father, I did give some encouragement to Antonio. But then, Sir, you were described to me as a quite different person.

*Isaac.* Aye, so you were, upon my soul, madam.

*Duenna.* But when I saw you, I was never more struck in my life.

*Isaac.* That was just my case too, madam; I was struck all on a heap for my part.

*Duenna.* Well, Sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual—you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I taught to believe you a little black snub-nosed fellow, without person, manner or address.

*Isaac.* I wish she had answer'd her picture as well.

*Duenna.* But, Sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile—

*Isaac.* Egad, now I look at her again, I don't think she is so ugly.

*Duenna.* So little like a Jew, and so much like a gentleman—

*Isaac.* Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice.

*Duenna.* You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceived has given me such a flow of spirits—

*Isaac.* O dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness [*kisses her*] why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't. [*aside.*]

*Duenna.* O Sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you shou'd get rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss an hedge-hog.

*Isaac.* Yes, ma'am, the razor wou'd'nt be amiss for either of us [*aside.*]

\* \* \* \*

*Duenna.* Come, Sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension, and know not what to say.

*Isaac.* It is very true indeed, ma'am, but it is a judgment, I look on it as a judgment on me for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to compleat my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

*Duenna.* Sir, I must frankly own to you that I can never be your's with my father's consent.

*Isaac.* Good lack! how so?

*Duenna.* When my father in his passion swore he would never see me again 'till I acquiesced in his will, I also made a vow that I would never take a husband from his hand—nothing shall make me break that oath—but if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

*Isaac.* Hum!

*Duenna.* Nay, Sir, if you hesitate—

*Isaac.* I faith no bad whim this—if I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus I should not only cheat the lover, but the father too. Oh! cunning rogue, Isaac! Ay ay, let this little brain alone—Ega, I'll take her in the mind.

*Duenna.* Well, Sir, what's your determination?

*Isaac.* Madam, I was dumb only from rapture—I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal, for which, thus let me on this lilly hand express my gratitude.

*Duenna.* Well, Sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindness to you.

*Isaac.* No, to be sure—that wou'd spoil all—But trust me when tricking is the word—let me alone for a piece of cunning; this very day you shall be out of his power.

*Duenna.* Well, I leave the management of it all to you. I perceive plain, Sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

*Isaac.* Egad you're right ma'am, you're right I'faith.

\* \* \*

#### JEROME AND ISAAC.

*Jerome.* Well, my friend, have you soften'd her?

*Isaac.* O yes, I have soften'd her?

*Jerome.* What, does she come to?

*Isaac.* Why, truly, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

*Jerome.* And the dear little Angel was civil, hey!

*Isaac.* Yes, the pretty little Angel was very civil.

*Jerome.* I'm transported to hear it; well, and you were astonished at her beauty, hey?

*Isaac.* I was astonished indeed! pray how old is she?

*Jerome.* How old? let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.



*Isaac.* Twenty?

*Jerome.* Ay, to a month.

*Isaac.* Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in Christendom.

*Jerome.* Do you think so? but I believe you will not see a prettier girl.

*Isaac.* Here and there one.

*Jerome.* Louisa has the family face.

*Isaac.* Yes, egad, I shou'd have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time too. [*aside.*]

*Jerome.* She has her father's eyes.

*Isaac.* Truly I should have guess'd them to have been so—If she had her mother's spectacles I believe she would not see the worse. [*aside.*]

*Jerome.* Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead.

*Isaac.* Ay, faith, and her grandmother's chin to a hair. [*aside.*]

*Jerome.* Well, if she was but as dutiful as she is handsome—and harky, friend Isaac, she is none of your made up beauties—her charms are of the lasting kind.

*Isaac.* P'faith, so they shou'd—for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age before her years will overtake her face.

*Jerome.* Why, zounds, master Isaac, you are not sneering, are you?

*Isaac.* Why, now seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

*Jerome.* By this light, she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

*Isaac.* Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

*Jerome.* By St. Jago you must be blind.

*Isaac.* No, no; 'tis you are partial.

*Jerome.* How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape—if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

*Isaac.* Good lack, with what eyes a father sees! As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this; as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw; for her eyes, their utmost merit is in not squinting; for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of an harpsichord. Then as to her singing, and heavenly voice—by this hand, she has a shrill crack'd pipe, that sounds for all the world like a child's trumpet.

*Jerome.* Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? out of my house, I say.

*Isaac.* I must get off as well as I can—her fortune is not the less handsome. Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aside all joking and be serious.

*Jerome.* How?

*Isaac.* Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd if you hav'n't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

*Jerome.* You meant it so, did not you?

*Isaac.* O mercy, no ! a joke—just to try how angry it wou'd make you.

*Jerome.* Was that all, I'faith ! I did'n't know you had been such a wag ; ha, ha, ha ! By St. Jago, you made me very angry tho', well, and you do think Louisa handsome?

*Isaac.* Handsome ! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

*Jerome.* Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue.

\* \* \* \* \*

ISAAC AND ANTONIO.

*Antonio.* Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken, Clara D'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her ! It is impossible !

\* \* \* \*

She certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

*Isaac.* Psha, I tell you 'tis no such thing—you are the man she wants, and nobody but you. Here's ado to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you.

*Antonio.* But I have no affection for this lady.

*Isaac.* And you have for Louisa, hey ? but take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there—so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

*Antonio.* And could you reconcile it to your conscience, to supplant your friend !

*Isaac.* Pish ! Conscience has no more to do with

gallantry than it has with politicks—why, you are no honest fellow, if love can't make a rogue of you—so come,—do go in and speak to her at last.

*Antonio.* Well, I have no objection to that.

*Isaac.* [*opens the door*] There—there she is—yonder by the window—get in, do (*pushes him in, and half shuts the door*) now I shall hamper him I warrant—stay—I'll peep how they go on—egad, he looks confoundedly posed—now, she's coaxing him—see, he begins to come to—aye, aye, he'll soon forget his conscience.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Enter ANTONIO and LOUISA.*

*Ant.* Well, my good friend, this lady has so entirely convinc'd me of the certainty of your success at Don Jerome's, that I now resign my pretensions there.

*Isaac.* You never did a wiser thing believe me—and as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all—tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, ma'am?

*Lou.* Certainly, Sir, and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

*Isaac.* O lud, yes, ma'am—let any one outwit me that can, I say—but here let me join your hands—there you lucky rogue, I wish you happily married from the bottom of my soul.

*Lou.* And I am sure, if you wish it, no one else should prevent it.

*Isaac.* Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more, so let us be friends, will you.

*Ant.* With all my heart, Isaac.

*Isaac.* It is not every man, let me tell you, that would have taken such pains, or been [so] generous to a rival.

*Ant.* No, faith, I don't believe there's another beside yourself in all Spain.

*Isaac.* Well, but you resign all pretensions to the other lady?

*Ant.* That I do most sincerely.

*Isaac.* I doubt you have a little hankering there, still.

*Ant.* None, in the least, upon my soul.

*Isaac.* I mean after her fortune?

*Ant.* No, believe me, you are heartily welcome to every thing she has.

*Isaac.* Well, I'faith, you have the best of the bargain as to beauty, twenty to one--now, I'll tell you a secret—I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

*Lou.* Indeed!

*Isaac.* Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand—so I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

*Lou.* And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this?

*Isaac.* O lud no: there lies the jest! Don't you see that, by this step, I over-reach him, I shall be entitled to the girl's fortune, without settling a ducat on her, ha, ha, ha! I'm a cunning dog, an't I? A fly-little villain, heh?

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha! you are indeed!



*Isaac.* Roguish, you'll say—but keen hey?—devilish keen!

*Ant.* So you are indeed—keen—very keen.

*Isaac.* And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's, when the truth comes out, hey?

*Lou.* Yes, I'll answer for't, we shall have a good laugh, when the truth comes out, ha, ha, ha!

*Dianna, A. 2. Sc. 2. 5 & 8.*

---

## MONEY.

ORVILLE AND AP-HAZARD.

*Orv.* What! you think money an excuse for every absurdity?

*Ap-Haz.* To be sure—if I knock a man down—  
 “what's to pay?”—if I kiss a married woman—  
 “what's to pay?”—if I marry myself—“what's to pay?”—if I come into parliament—“what's to pay?” Money will mend crackt heads—broken hearts, and wounded reputations—therefore I say again, “what's to pay,” is my motto in the hour of danger.

*Fortune's Fool, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

---

LADY FERMENT, JONAS, &c.

*Lady F.* How can you, child, be guilty of such immorality?

*Jonas.* You should bribe me to be better.

VOL. II.

*Lady F.* Money, dear, should never be got by immoral means.

*Jonas.* Then it will never be got at all.

*Lady F.* It would send us to a bad place.

*Jonas.* Ah! There will be a deal of the best company in that bad place. He that has money in his pocket is welcome every where.

*Knave or Not? A. 2. Sc. 9.*

## MONEY (THE VALUE OF)

*A Table with Fowls, Wine, &c. the Smugglers depart in consequence of a Coaster being stranded; during the Storm, TRIM taps at the Casement, then opens it, and enters the Apartment.*

Aboard! a hoy!—Hey! what nobody answer! i'faith, here's nobody to answer—afraid of the storm I suppose—It does pelt away at a fine rate to be sure. Poor old Commander! what's to protect you—drench'd and without food—Hey, what's here? two fine birds ready roasted—what a<sup>d</sup> delicious meal could I make now—but there's a more satisfying treat for you, Trim.—Your Commander has the greatest need, and depends on you—He must taste first—Providence has thrown them in my way—No, that can't be, for I came through the casement, like a thief into another man's house.—No, it was not like a thief, for I hail'd 'em, and could get no answer—and misery has a right to one.—Hey! some flasks of

liquor too!—Am I to stand inactive here, and he dying for food? No, damme, I'll take them (*packing them together.*) Won't that be going away like a thief? No, it won't, for I'll leave what the owner will like as well—they'll overpay his loss—and these to me in such a moment, are worth more than I can now pay; for no money can purchase what I now feel. (*taking out his purse*) There it lies without counting. (*placing it under the cover*) They say we sailors don't know the value of money; 'tis false—we know it best—here's the proof—it goes to succour the distressed—to save life in the moment of its utmost need.

[*Exit through the lattice, with the basket, &c.*  
*Smugglers, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

---

## MORTIFICATION.

### VORTEX AND YOUNG RAPID.

*Vor.* Well, now I must intrust you with a little secret—(*they sit.*)

*Rap.* I have no objection to a *little* secret.

*Vor.* In the first place, then, I'll read this paper.

*Rap.* No; I'll read it—I shall read it much quicker. (*Reads.*)—"Receiv'd of Mr. Vortex the sum of five thousand pounds, in consideration of which, I assign over all my right and title to—hum, um, um—Signed ELLEN VORTEX"—I understand—

*Vor.* Now you must know, the father of my niece—

*Rap.* Jeffy Oatland! (*in reverie*)

*Vor.* No, her name is Ellen.

*Rap.* I know it, I know it—I know it—(*fretfully*)

*Vor.* Her father died in India.

*Rap.* With all my heart.

*Vor.* With all your heart?

*Rap.* Zounds! keep moving will you?

*Vor.* Yes, if you'll keep still.

*Rap.* Then be quick.

*Vor.* Why I am quick, an't I?—Died in India, and left her to my care. All was in—

*Rap.* Confusion!

*Vor.* You are right, all was in confusion. So I prevailed on—

*Rap.* Jeffy Oatland!

*Vor.* No, no, Ellen—to sign that paper; since which, indeed, her affairs have turn'd out pretty lucky. I purchas'd this estate with her fortune, which will be yours, my boy!—It was a very snug bargain.

*Rap.* What a horrible thing is the gift of speech!

*Vor.* Speech!—Did you say any thing about a speech? Ah! had you heard mine out—Do you remember how it began?—"Had I met your eye at an earlier hour I should"—(*During Vortex's narration, Rapid influenced by the most fretful impatience, has unconsciously bit, and torn to pieces, the paper given him by Vortex.*)

*Rap. (jumping up)* 'Sdeath and fire! Is this a time for speeches! Is not your daughter waiting?—Is not—Oh, Jeffy!

*Vor.* True, another opportunity! But, oh! 'tis a pretty speech—Well, now, give me back the paper.

*Rap.* The paper!

*Vor.* Yes, now you have thoroughly digested the contents of the paper, give it me again.

*Rap.* Oh! the—the—the paper (*sees it torn on the ground.*)

*Vor.* Yes; that precious scrap that secures us a hundred thousand pounds, you dog!—Come, give it me.

*Rap.* My dear fellow, you gave me no paper.

*Vor.* But I did though.

*Rap.* Yes, you certainly did; but then—you—you—did not—

*Vor.* But I'll take my oath I did!—Come, give it me directly!—You—(*sees the fragments on the ground.*) Eh! what!—No; yes—I'm undone, I'm ruin'd—Oh, my head! I'm going, I'm going.

\* \* \* \* \*

VORTEX, YOUNG RAPID, CHARLES, ELLEN, &c.

*Y. Rap. (to Charles Stanley)* What may be your business, here, sir?

*Char.* I came to take leave.——

*Y. Rap.* Hush! (*apart*)—To enquire respecting that lady's fortune. We'll soon answer all that, wont we? (*nodding to Vortex*)



*Chas.* I say, sir—

*Y. Rap.* (*Stopping him*) We grant it,—we grant Mr. Vortex has recovered property to a considerable amount, but what signifies that? She assigned it for five thousand pounds!—You see how I'm going on? (*To Nabob.*)

*Vor.* Oh, thank you, my dear friend!

*Y. Rap.* I've seen the paper; haven't I?—(*to Vortex,*)

*Chas.* And I should be satisfied——

*Y. Rap.* You would be satisfied if you saw it—Certainly—very proper—nothing in nature can be more reasonable; so, Nabob, shew him the paper, and settle the business at once (*walks about, Vortex following him.*) Shew him the paper!—don't keep the gentleman waiting all day.—Shew him the paper. My dear fellow! what's the use of walking after me? Shew him the paper.

*Vor.* (*taking advantage of the pauses in the foregoing speech.*) I say, my dear friend, hush! Be quiet! I want to speak to you; you forgot you destroyed it.

*Y. Rap.* I destroyed it!

*Vor.* Hush!

*Y. Rap.* He says I destroyed it!

*Vor.* I did not—I'll take my oath, I did not.

*Y. Rap.* And it is true.

*Chas. & Ellen.* What?

*Y. Rap.* True, upon my honour! He has no more hold on your estates, madam, than I have.

*Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 4. Sc. 3. A. 5. Sc. 2.*

## NARRATIVE. (THE)

DASHLEY, NIMBLE, AND LANDLORD.

*Dash.* Give me an account of yourself—where were you born?

*Nimb.* Pretty far north.      • • •

*Dash.* In what place?

*Nimb.* Newcastle, in old England.

*Dash.* And your parents?

*Nimb.* People of renown—they made some noise in the world, I assure you.

*Dash.* Noise.

*Nimb.* Yes, your honour, for my father was a tinker, and my mother sung ballads; but both dying, I was sent to the parish work-house, my master, instead of letting me hammer my brains over a horn book, kept me close to beating hemp.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Dash.* Go on, friend—beating hemp was a hard task.

*Nimb.* Quite easy—I only laboured twelve hours in the day, had my board for nothing, besides a board to lie on.

\* \* \* \*

I was then bound apprentice to a blacksmith.

\* \* \* \*

*Dash.* That was worse and worse!

*Nimb.* No, better, and better—the heat of the

forge kept me warm. I wanted no cloaths even in winter, and on Sunday I had my liberty.

*Dash.* That was a happiness !

*Nimb.* A very great misfortune ; for one Sunday morning, passing over a field, I plumped on a partridge, and being naturally a bit of a sportsman, I threw myself flat upon it, and was bringing it away, when I was seized by the Lord of the Manor.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tried at the Sessions, convicted of not being worth 100 pounds a year, and sent up to Newgate to be transported.

\* \* \* \*

*Dash.* That was truly distressing !

*Nimb.* Not in the least—I ate, drank, and did nothing for six months.

*Dash.* A long time.

*Nimb.* It appeared very short—I was at length shipped, with others, for the plantations.

*Dash.* What a cause of sadness.

*Land.* 'Twas pitiful!—'twas wond'rous pitiful!

*Nimb.* No—'twas neither sad nor pitiful : for the sea air agreed with me, and I laughed and sung the whole voyage—I served my time out, and then joyfully worked my passage home.

*Land.* 'Twas strange—'twas passing strange!

*Nimb.* Strange!—damme, why was it strange that I should wish to return to old England, where I had spent the former part of my life so very comfortably?

*Dasb.* Then your wish was gratified.

*Nimb.* Much disappointed; for on landing, I was taken by a press-gang, and carried before a justice.

*Dasb.* Cruel!

*Nimb.* Very kind; for he let me enter for a soldier—I lost the comrade of this leg at the siege of Calvi.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was then, your honour, put on board a transport, to be sent home.

*Dasb.* Poor fellow!

*Nimb.* Rich rogue! for I had all my pay in my pocket.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Dasb.* Your having your whole pay in your pocket was lucky.

*Nimb.* Devilish unlucky! for our vessel was captured by a French frigate—the *Monsieurs* took my money, and lodged me in a prison.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Dasb.* Your cause was singular.

*Nimb.* Not at all; for all my companions were in the same situation.

*Dasb.* Then you despaired.

*Nimb.* No; my courage rose—so one night I got up and cut the French sentry down \* \* \*

So, egad your honour, I got off, stole a boat,

launched out to sea, and was soon after taken up by an English privateer.

*Dash.* How fortunate!

*Nimb.* Quite the reverse!—for she was speedily wrecked on the Coast of Cornwall, and I was thrown on shore almost frozen to death, and starved with hunger.

*Dash.* Miserable predicament!

*Nimb.* Not so bad, neither; for I was happily seized with a violent fever, which not only kept me warm, but fortunately took away my appetite.

*Dash.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Nimb.* I soon recovered, and have hobbled thus far to salute my old master of the work-house, shake hands with the blacksmith, thank the justice, attack my landlord's larder, make my bow to your honour, and hope you will enable me to drink success to the British arms.

*Dash.* What a happy disposition! here friend, are my thanks for your narrative (*gives him money*) which will at least remove your present difficulties.

*Crotchbet Lodge, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## NATURE (PREDOMINANT.)

MANDEVILLE AND HOWARD.

*Mand.* Then all's confirmed; and I've no hope;—no friend!—What's to be done? whither shall I go?—where fly?—who will receive so lost a



wretch as I am?—Pursued by enemies—abandoned by a father—forsaken by my child!—who will, who dare befriend me?

*Howard.* I will.

*Mand.* You!

*Howard.* You have forgot me, Mr. Mandeville—I see you have—You don't recollect George Howard, whom when a boy you used to take such notice of.—I'm strangely altered since you went to India—that is, in person only, I hope; for in mind and disposition I am still the same.

*Mand.* Are you?

*Howard.* Oh Mr. Mandeville! I don't know why—whether it is from the joy at seeing you, or from the grief I feel at the cruel treatment you've received—I don't know which it is—but I'm going to be the same blubbering boy you left me.

*Mand.* Indeed!—'Sdeath! this generosity afflicts me more than all their cruelty!—Let me go—I heard your uncle's orders—"You must not associate with a man of his character."—Let me begone. I will not involve you.

*Howard.* Not involve me! Didn't my father involve you? And if I've not the fortune to repay the obligation, I'll prove I have the gratitude to remember it. From this hour I am devoted to your service: and if the friendship of the son can atone for the injuries of the parent, I shall be far happier in partaking your distresses than in sharing my unfeeling uncle's riches.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mand.* Is it possible? You that have had a fashionable education! you that have been schooled in all the arts of modern soppery, and foreign folly! you, to be the only one to pity or befriend me!

*Howard.* Why, the fact is, they tried hard to spoil me; but I wouldn't let them—they sent me all over the Continent, before I'd been half over England; taught me foreign languages, before I knew my own; instructed me how to pick my teeth all the morning in Bond-street; yawn all night at the Opera. But I was a bad scholar, Mr. Mandeville: and the satisfaction I feel at this moment proves I did right to educate myself. \* \* \* \* \* They may have perverted my head; but I assure you, they hav'n't corrupted my heart. *Will, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## NATURE, (BEAUTIES OF)

CAPTAIN OAKLAND AND ELLEN.

*Ellen.* I know not how it is—but the sweet objects which surround the Abbey, always fill me with penfive delight.

*Capt. Oakland.* A genuine mind, my Ellen, is ever touch'd by the pure beauties of nature.

*Nesley Abbey, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## NATURE. (FEELINGS OF)

HASSAN AND SAIB.

*Hass.* ——— Saib, I too have loved! I have known how painful it was to leave her on whom my heart hung; how incapable was all else to supply her loss! I have exchanged want for plenty, fatigue for rest, a wretched hut for a splendid palace. But am I happier? Oh! no! Still do I regret my native land, and the partners of my poverty. Then toil was sweet to me, for I laboured for Samba; then repose ever blessed my bed of leaves, for there by my side lay Samba sleeping.

*Saib.* This from you, Hassan?—Did love ever find a place in your flinty bosom?

*Hass.* Did it? Oh Saib! my heart once was gentle, once was good! But sorrows have broken it, insults have made it hard! I have been dragged from my native land, from a wife who was every thing to me, to whom I was every thing! Twenty years have elapsed since these Christians tore me away: they trampled upon my heart, mocked my despair, and, when in frantic terms I raved of Samba, laughed, and wondered how a negro's soul could feel! In that moment when the last point of Africa faded from my view, when as I stood on the vessel's deck I felt that all I loved was to me lost for ever, in that bitter moment did I banish humanity from my breast. I tore from my arm the bracelet of Samba's

hair, I gave to the sea the precious token, and while the high waves swift bore it from me, vowed aloud endless hatred to mankind. I have kept my oath—I will keep it! *Castle Spectre, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

EDWARD *detaining* LADY ELEANOR, *whom the Servant is showing out.*

*Edward.* Shall I speak for you, Madam?

*Lady Eleanor.* Who are you, pray, young Gentleman? Is it you, whom Lord Norland has adopted for his son?

*Edward.* I believe he has, Madam? but he has never told me so yet.

*Lady Eleanor.* I am obliged to you for your offer; but my suit is of too much consequence for *you* to undertake.

*Edward.* I know what your suit is, Madam, because I was with my Lord when Hammond brought in your message; and I was so sorry for you, I came out on purpose to see you—and, without speaking to my Lord, I could do you a great kindness—if I durst.

*Lady Eleanor.* What kindness?

*Edward.* But I durst not—No, do not ask me.

*Lady Eleanor.* I do not. But you have raised my curiosity; and in a mind so distracted as mine, it is cruel to excite one additional pain.

*Edward.* I am sure I would not add to your grief for the world.—But then, pray do not speak of what I am going to say.—I heard my Lord's lawyer

tell him just now, "that as he said he should not know the person again, who committed the offence about which you came, and as the man who informed against him is gone off, there could be no evidence that he did the action, but from a book, a particular pocket-book of my Lord's, which he forgot to deliver to his servant with the notes and money to return, and which was found upon him at your house : and this Lord Norland will affirm to be his."—Now, if I did not think I was doing wrong, this is the very book—(*Takes a pocket-book from his pocket.*) I took it from my Lord's table ;—but it would be doing wrong, or I am sure I wish you had it. [*Looking wisely at her.*]

*Lady Eleanor.* It will save my life, my husband's, and my children's.

*Edward.* (*trembling.*) But what is to become of me?

*Lady Eleanor.* That Providence who never punishes the deed, unless the *will* be an accomplice, shall protect you for saving one, who has only erred in a moment of distraction.

*Edward.* I never did any thing to offend my Lord in my life ;—and I am in such fear of him, I did not think I ever should.—Yet I cannot refuse you ;—take it.—(*Gives her the book.*) But pity me, when my Lord shall know of it.

*Lady Eleanor.* Oh ! should he discard you for what you have done, it will embitter every moment of my remaining life.



*Edward.* Do not frighten yourself about that.—I think he loves me too well to discard me quite.

*Lady Eleanor.* Does he indeed?

*Edward.* I think he does!—for often, when we are alone, he presses me to his bosom so fondly, you would not suppose.—And, when my poor nurse died, she called me to her bed-side, and told me (but pray keep it a secret)—she told me I was—his grand-child.

*Lady Eleanor.* You are—you are his grand-child—I see,—I feel you are;—for I feel that I am your mother. (*Embraces him.*) Oh! take this evidence back (*returning the book.*)—I cannot receive it from thee, my child;—no, let us all perish, rather than my boy, my only boy, should do an act to stain his conscience, or to lose his grandfather's love.

*Edward.* What do you mean?

*Lady Eleanor.* The name of the person with whom you lived in your infancy, was Heyland?

*Edward.* It was.

*Lady Eleanor.* I am your mother; Lord Norland's only child, (*Edward kneels.*) who, for one act of disobedience, have been driven to another part of the globe in poverty, and forced to leave you, my life, behind. (*She embraces and raises him.*) Your father, in his struggles to support us all, has fallen a victim;—but Heaven, which has preserved my child, will save my husband, restore his sense, and once more—

*Edward (starting.)* I hear my Lord's step,—he is

coming this way :—Begone, mother, or we are all  
undone. *Every One has his Fault, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

SCHEDONI *with a lamp and dagger. (ELLENA asleep.)*

Schedoni. Yes, she's asleep! Fie on these shaking  
joints!

Does not my interest tell me she must die?

Hush! sure she speaks!—She never will speak more.

Oh! such weak thinkings will unman me quite.

How deep that sigh!—Her whole frame seems con-  
vuls'd—

Can I remove her robe and not awake her—

*(He looks at her breast, and seeing a picture, starts;  
then eagerly detaches it, drops the dagger, and shud-  
dering draws back in an agony of horror.)*

Am I alive? and do my eyes see truly?

Or are these features but a fancied charm,

To bind that devil, which tempts me to destruction?

Ellen!—awake! awake!

*(Ellena starts up, shrieks, and falls at his feet.)*

Ellen. O save me! save me!

Spalatro will destroy me!

Schedoni. Quickly, tell me,

How came you by this picture?

Ellena. 'Twas my mother's.

Schedoni. Whose the resemblance—tell me, on  
your life?

Ellena. It is my father's portrait, and—

Schedoni. His name?

*Ellena.* The Count de Marinella.

*Schedoni.* My child, my child—In me behold that father.

Yet spare me—I shall blast you with my touch.  
Stand off! The springs of love are poison'd here;  
O misery! To have a star unknown,  
Beaming with brightness, rise upon my view,  
While all the hemisphere is stain'd with blood.  
Let me gaze on thee! O that sweet alarm!  
Be hush'd my child—no danger shall approach thee.  
I'll make this breast a bulwark to defend thee.  
I rave! O pardon me! and bless your father.

*Ellena.* I stand amaz'd—Eternal Providence!  
A father, my deliverer! O, Sir, tell me,  
Why the first care I meet with from my parent  
Preserves the life he gave? My infant years  
Ne'er knew a daughter's duty; but my heart  
Is apt I feel to learn its filial lesson.

*Schedoni.* You shall know all, my child. But ah!  
the drink!

*Ellena.* Distrusting it, I threw it down, between  
The bars of yonder window.

Ha! a Dagger! (*seeing it on the ground.*)  
The villain would have stabb'd me as I slept,  
Had not the father sav'd me from the blow.

*Schedoni.* (*walks from her in the greatest agony.*)  
My Ellen, if you would not blast my senses,  
Mention this scene no more. Blot it from memory.  
Here, from this hour of terror and of transport,  
Promise, if possible, never to think of it.

*Ellena.* O, should I not? when it reminds my heart,  
How infinite the debt I owe my father!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Schedoni.* Come, my sole pride—we will away for  
Rome;

And think me not averse to thy attachment.

*Vivaldi* shall be thine. I dote in fondness.

My heart, unus'd to be awaken'd thus,

Does like the bursting rock, gush out in streams;

The flood is pure, and will refine its channel.

*Italian Monk,* A. 2. Sc. 6.

---

## NOVEL-READING.

*LYDIA* sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand.—

*LUCY,* as just returned from a message.

*Lucy.* Indeed, Ma'am, I travers'd half the town  
in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating  
library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

*Lydia.* And could not you get 'The Reward of  
Constancy?'

*Lucy.* No, indeed, Ma'am.

*Lydia.* Nor 'The Fatal Connection?'

*Lucy.* No, indeed, Ma'am.

*Lydia.* Nor 'The Mistakes of the Heart?'

*Lucy.* Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull  
said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetch'd it away.

*Lydia.* Heigh-ho !—Did you inquire for ‘The Delicate Distress?’

*Lucy.* ——— Or, ‘The Memoirs of Lady Woodford?’ Yes indeed, Ma’am.—I asked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick’s, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog’s-ear’d it, it wa’n’t fit for a Christian to read.

*Lydia.* Heigh-ho !—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me.—She has a most observing thumb; and I believe cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what *have* you brought me?

*Lucy.* Oh! here, Ma’am.

*(Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.)*

This is ‘The Gordian Knot,’—and this ‘Peregrine Pickle.’ Here are ‘The Tears of Sensibility,’ and ‘Humphrey Clinker.’ This is ‘The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself,’ and here the second volume of ‘The Sentimental Journey.’

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lucy.* O Lud! Ma’am, they are both coming up stairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lydia.* Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books.—Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roderick Random* into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sofa—cram *Quid* behind



the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so, now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

*Lucy.* O burn it, Ma'am, the hair-dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

*Lydia.* Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sir ANTHONY and Mrs. MALAPROP.*

*Sir Anth.* In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guess'd how full of duty I should see her mistress!

*Mrs. Mal.* Those are vile places, indeed!

*Sir Anth.* Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

*Rivals, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

---

## OBLIGATION.

SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY, TRUDGE, WOWSKI, &c.

*Trudge.* Come along, Wows! take a long last leave of your poor mistress; throw your pretty ebony arms about her neck.

*Wowf.* No, no;—she not go; you not leave poor Wowski. (*Throwing her arms about Yarico.*)

*Sir Chr.* Poor girl! A companion, I take it!

*Trudge.* A thing of my own, fir. I cou'dn't help following my master's example in the woods—*Like Master, like Man, fir.*

*Sir Chr.* But you would not sell her, and be hang'd to you, you dog, wou'd you?

*Trudge.* Hang me, like a dog, if I wou'd, fir.

*Sir Chr.* So say I to every fellow that breaks an obligation due to the feelings of a man.

*Inkle and Yarico, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

---

## OBSTINACY.

### OAKLAND AND CAPT. OAKLAND.

*Oakland.* Harry, my boy, you have outstayed your time—I hope, in your visits, you did not include the Woodbines?

*Capt. Oakland.* Why Sir, should they be excepted? Their change of fortune ought not to alter the regard of those who pass'd for their friends in prosperity.

*Oakland.* I have told you what took place this morning, between Ellen Woodbine and me; and expressed very fully my opinion; so you know the penalty of your resistance.

*Capt. Oakland.* Fortune, it is true, has deserted her; but wealth, dear fir, can no more confer merit, than it can happiness; and I yet persuade my-

self, that in the conversation of an hour I cou'd satisfy you—

*Oakland.* Stop—If I had an inclination to be convinced, half a dozen words wou'd do; but as I have not, all the languages of Babel, wou'd be of no avail—They wou'd only confuse each other.

*Capt. Oakland.* Dear Sir, we shall sail next tide; but in the anxiety of my present feelings, allow me, before I depart, to make one appeal. Miss Woodbine, sir—

*Oakland.* Not another word: I am fixt. Obstinacy is the privilege of old age; and damme, if I'll part with a grain of it, tho' you can with your obedience.

*Nesley Abbey, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## ŒCONOMY. (FALSE)

### PROJECT AND LADY PROJECT.

*Project.* ——— I say it is your false œconomy that has hurt my fortune: saving trifles and squandering thousands.

*Lady Pro.* Squandering!—What, sir, do you pretend I don't consult cheapness?

*Project.* Yes: but how, madam? you will lame my best horses by sending them to a cheap blacksmith, and then give a hundred pounds for a hammercloth—you will quarrel with your maid for burning two candles instead of one; and the same night lose a thousand pounds at faro—and, answer

me fairly, that you might use otto of roses instead of lavender, haven't you sent me to bed supperless for a whole month?

*Lady Pro.* Well: and what then, sir?

*Projez.* Then you stint the servants in meat and drink, only to dress them with bags and nosegays—and once when you gave one hundred and fifty pounds for a curricie, didn't you want me to drive two miles over impassable roads, only to avoid paying a turnpike?

*Speculation, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## OFFICIOUSNESS.

MORTIMER, FITZHARDING, &c.

*Fitz.* May not I have my secret! Oons! good brother,

What would you say, now, should a meddling knave  
Buffy his brains with matters, though but trivial,  
Which concern you alone?

*Mort.* I'd have him rot:

Die piecemeal; pine; moulder in misery.  
Agent, and sacrifice to Heaven's wrath,  
When castigating plagues are hurl'd on man,  
Stands lean, and lynx-eyed Curiosity,  
Watching his neighbour's soul. Sleepless himself  
To banish sleep from others Like a Leech  
Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,  
He gorges on't—then renders up his food,

To nourish Calumny, his foul-lung'd mate,  
 Who carries Rumour's trumpet; and whose breath,  
 Infecting the wide surface of the world,  
 Strikes pestilence and blight. O, fie, on't! fie!  
 Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole!  
 Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,  
 A victim making victims!

*Iron Chest, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## OFFICIOUSNESS CURED.

SIR MILES MOWBRAY AND WRANGLE.

*Sir Miles.* Well, Sir, 'tis your own concern; if you are contented with each, it's a proof you are soon pleas'd. Quarrel when you like, and make it up how you can, you have my free leaye. I find by late experience that the man, who thinks for more heads than he carries on his own shoulders, lays out care for himself, and reaps no thanks for his kindness.

*Mr. W.* Believe me, my good Sir Miles—

*Sir Miles.* Pardon me, my good Sir Caleb; that is a weakness I am cur'd of.—I was the dupe of credulity, when I believ'd you wou'd make my daughter happy, and when I took your word for your being so: I was the veriest dolt in creation, when I thought I could either qualify your failings, or compose your squabbles.—I pray you, Sir, be husband and wife in



your own way, and never let me be middle man between you, henceforth and for ever.

*First Love*, A. 5. Sc. 2.

## OFFICIOUSNESS REPROVED.

ROQUE AND TOCHO.

*Tocho*. Do you not follow your master, to help him undress, friend?

*Roque*. That is *my* business, friend.

*Tocho*. By our lady, I never found a gentleman know his own business better, and do it worse! what may thy master be, friend?

*Roque*. That is *his* business, friend:—but for me, I am a soldier; and have learnt somewhat in the wars.

*Tocho*. Aye, marry—I would fain know what 'tis.

*Roque*. 'Tis, when I see a knave thrust his nose into the business of another, to tweak it very lustily.

*Tocho*. Signior, I do reverence a soldier—but I never much cared to see him go through his manœuvres.

*Mountaineers*, A. 21. Sc. 1.

## OMEN. (THE)

SIR ADAM AND LADY CONTEST.

*Lady Contest*. (*Looking at her hand, gives a violent scream.*) Oh! Oh!—Oh dear! Sir Adam—Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!

*Sir Adam.* What's the matter? What in the name of heaven is the matter?

*Lady Contess.* I wish I may die if I have not lost my wedding ring.—Oh! 'tis a sure sign of some ill luck.

*Sir Adam.* Here, John! [*Enter Servant.*] Go and look for your mistress's wedding ring; she has dropt it somewhere about the house.

*Lady Contess.* I am afraid it was in the street, as I stepp'd out of my coach. Oh! indeed, Sir Adam, it did not stick close. I remember I pull'd my glove off just at that time; go and look there, John. [*Exit Servant.*] Oh! Sir Adam, some ill luck will certainly happen to one or both of us: you may depend upon it.

*Sir Adam.* Childish nonsense! What ill luck can happen to us while we are good?

*Lady Contess.* But suppose we should not be good?

*Sir Adam.* We always may if we please.

*Lady Contess.* I know we may. But then sometimes 'tis a great deal of trouble.

*Sir Adam.* Come, don't frighten yourself about omens; you'll find your ring again.

*Lady Contess.* Do you think that young Lord may'nt have found it? Suppose we send to ask him.

*Sir Adam.* Did you miss it while he was here?

*Lady Contess.* No, nor should not have missed any thing, if he had staid till midnight.

*Sir Adam.* (*Taking her by the hand.*) Come, come to dinner. (*Going, stops.*) But I must say this has been a

very careless thing of you. My first wife would not have lost *her* wedding ring.

*Lady Conest.* But indeed, Sir Adam, mine did not fit.

*Wedding Day, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

## OSTENTATION.

CRACK AND SIR EDWARD.

*Crack.* Sir, I'll exercise the curricule and horses, and I'll give the dogs a course.

*Sir Edw.* Are you there, my impudent friend?

*Crack.* That epithet does not suit me, Sir—I'm remarkably *modest*. Many pretend to do what they can't; such, I allow, are impudent. Now, I can do every thing, and I don't pretend at all.

*Sir Edw.* And pray, who are you, that are so very officious?

*Crack.* If you wish to make me your bosom friend, don't puzzle me: but, Sir, I believe I am the overseer of the parish; for I visit all the ale-houses every Sabbath-day.

*Sir Edw.* Yes, and most other days—I saw you drunk last night.

*Crack.* Purely out of respect to sobriety—I told you I was the overseer. My neighbours have weak heads; and as their wives and families depend upon the labour of their *hands*, rather than they should neglect their duty, I sometimes drink their share, and

my own too—I sav'd five from being drunk last night, and that's hard work—however, good deeds reward themselves.

*Sir Edw.* Upon my honour, I was not acquainted with your virtues—*(bowing.)*

*Crack.* No, Sir, few are—*(bows.)*—or I should not blush so often as I do, by blowing the trumpet of my own praise.

*Sir Edw.* And pray, Sir, how do you get your living?

*Crack.* Sometimes one way—sometimes another: I am first ringer of the bells, and second huntsman to Old Tantivy; and though it's not in my power to improve the *weak heads* of my neighbours, yet I often mend their faulty understandings—*(pointing to his shoes.)*—ecce signum—*(showing his apron.)*

*Sir Edw.* Any thing rather than work, ha?

*Crack.* Any work, Sir, to get an honest penny—Twice a week I turn pack-horse; I fetch and carry all the letters, packets, and parcels, to and from the next market-town; and t'other day I stood candidate for clerk of the parish; but—

*Sir Edw.* The badness of your character prevented your election?

*Crack.* No, sir, it was the goodness of my voice—You hear how musical it is, when I only speak. What wou'd it have been at an Amen!—*(whispering)*—The parson didn't like to be outdone—Envy often deprives a good man of place, as well as perquisites.

*Turnpike Gate, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## PROJECT AND TANJORE.

*Project.* ——— Psha! what signifies dress?

*Tan.* Every thing now-a-days—a good coat is tantamount to a good character; and if the World be a Stage, it's as necessary to dress as to act your part well: then consider the effect—why, when I landed from the Packet in my old blue coat, shabby red waistcoat, and decay'd kerseymeres, I cut through the alleys, and was push'd and smok'd by every apprentice and shopkeeper I met: but, the moment I put on these smart cloaths that you sent, I swagger'd through the most public streets—jostled all the men of fashion—cock'd my eye at all the lords, and receiv'd the homage and bows of the very shopkeepers and apprentices that had before sneer'd at me. Oh! in this age of false appearances, there's nothing like a shewy outside; and a taylor is a man of more consequence than you imagine. *Speculation*, A. 3. Sc. 1.

---

 PERPLEXITY.

## BEAUCHAMP AND LADY BELL.

*Beauch.* This is probably the last visit I can make you before I leave England:—will your Ladyship permit me, *before* I leave it, to acquaint you that there is a man, whose happiness depends on your favour? (*agitated*)



*L. Bell.* So, now he's going to be perplexing again! (*aside*)—A man whose happiness depends on me, Mr. Beauchamp! (*looking on her fan*)

*Beauch.* Yes, Madam!—and—and—(*aside*) I cannot go on—Why did I accept a commission in which success would destroy me?

*L. Bell.* How evidently this is the first time he ever made love! (*aside*)—The man seems to have chosen a very diffident advocate in you, Sir.

*Beauch.* 'Tis more than diffidence, Madam, my task is painful.

*L. Bell.* Ay, I thought so! You have taken a brief in a cause you don't like; I could plead it better myself.

*Beauch.* I feel the reproach.

*L. Bell.* 'Tis difficult for you, perhaps, to speak in the *third* person?—Try it in the *first*. Suppose now, ha! ha! only suppose, I say! for the jest's sake, that you yourself have a passion for me, and *then* try—how you can plead it.

*Beauch.* (*kneeling*) Thus—thus would I plead it, and swear, that thou art dear to my heart as fame, and honour!—To look at thee is rapture; to love thee, though without hope,—felicity!

*L. Bell.* Oh, I thought I should bring him to the point at last! (*aside*)

*Beauch.* (*rising, aside*) To what dishonesty have I been betray'd!—Thus, Madam, speaks my friend, through my lips;—'tis thus *he* pleads his passion.

*L. Bell.* Provoking! (*aside*)—*What* friend is this,

Sir, who is weak enough to use the language of another to explain his heart?

*Beauch.* Lord Sparkle.

*L. Bell.* Lord Sparkle! Was it for him you knelt? (*he bows to her*)—Then, sir, I must inform you, that the liberty you have taken—(*aside*) Heavens, how do I betray myself!—Tell me, sir, on your honour, do you *wish* to succeed in pleading the passion of Lord Sparkle?

*Beauch.* (*hesitating*) My obligations to his Lordship—our relationship—the confidence he has repos'd in me—

*L. Bell.* Stop, sir! I too will repose confidence in you, and confess that there is a man whom I sometimes suspect not to be indifferent to me;—but 'tis not Lord Sparkle! Tell him so;—and tell him that—that—tell him what you will.

*Beauch.* Heavens, what does she mean! What language is this her eyes speak? (*aside*)

*L. Bell.* Do you visit me this evening! Here will be many of my friends, and you shall then see me in the presence of the man my heart prefers.

(*Beauchamp bows, and goes to the door; then returns, advances towards Lady Bell, makes an effort to speak; finds it impossible, then bows, and exit.*)

Heavens! what necessity have lovers for words? What persuasion is that bashful irresolution! Now, shall I let him quit England, or not!—What! give up a coronet and Lord Sparkle for a cockade and Beauchamp! Preposterous! says Vanity.—But what

says Love? I don't exactly know; but I'll examine their separate claims, and settle them with all the casuistry of four-and-twenty.

*Which is the Man? A. 4. Sc. 1.*

---

## PERTINENCE.

SIR WILLIAM, MISS DORRILLON, &c.

*Sir W.* Lady Priory, I'm not accustomed to pay compliments, or to speak my approbation, even when praise is a just tribute; but your virtues compel me to an eulogium.—That wise submission to a husband who loves you, that cheerful smile so expressive of content, and that plain dress which indicates the elegance as well as the simplicity, of your mind, are all symbols of a heart so unlike to those which the present fashion of the day has misled—

*Miss Dor.* Why look so stedfastly on me, Mr. Mandred? Do you pretend to see my heart?

*Sir W.* Have you any?

*Miss Dor.* Yes, and one large enough to hold—  
even my enemy. *Wives As They Were, A. 2. Sc. 1*

---

## PERTURBATION.

LADY BELL AND JULIA.

*L. Bell.* Julia! You at Mr. Beauchamp's!

*Julia.* Lady Bell, tho' I have acted rashly, and was indeed found there, I'm not the guilty creature you

imagine—I am married!—I will no longer conceal it! (*bursting into tears.*)

*L. Bell.* Married! Oh Heavens! (*throws herself into a chair, with her back to Julia.*)

*Julia.* I dared not reveal it to my guardian, and for that reason fled from your house.

*L. Bell.* O Julia, and you are married! What a serpent have I nourished!—But forgive me!—You knew not—alas! I knew not myself, till this moment, how much—

*Julia.* My dearest Madam, do not add to my afflictions!—for indeed they are severe.

*L. Bell.* Ungenerous Girl! why did you conceal from me your situation?

*Julia.* Good Heavens! is it destin'd that one imprudent step is to lose me every blessing! In the agonies of my heart I flew to your friendship, and you kill me with reproaches.

*L. Bell.* And you have killed *me* by your want of confidence! Oh, Julia! had you revealed to me—

*Julia.* I dared not; for when Mr. Belville prevailed on me to give him my hand——

*L. Bell.* (*eagerly*) Mr. Belville!—Mr. Belville, say you?

*Julia.* Yes; it was in Paris we were married.

*L. Bell.* (*aside*) So, so, so; what a pretty mistake I made!—But it *was* a mistake! . . . . . And so my sweet Julia is married! married in Paris! Sly thing! But how came you at Mr. Beauchamp's, my Love?

*Julia.* In my rash flight this morning, my wicked Maid-betray'd me into Lord Sparkle's house.—There Mr. Beauchamp snatch'd me from ruin, and gave me a momentary asylum in his lodgings.

*L. Bell.* Did Beauchamp!—But what is his worth and his gallantry to me? Can't he do a right thing, but *my* heart must triumph? (*aside.*)

*Which is the Man? A. 5. Sc. 1.*

---

## PHILANTHROPY.

HARMONY AND MISS SPINSTER.

*Miss S.* Cousin, cousin Harmony, I will not forgive you for thus continually speaking in the behalf of every servant whom you find me offended with. Your philanthropy becomes insupportable; and, instead of being a virtue, degenerates into a vice.

I have heard your mother say you were always foolishly tender-hearted, and never shewed one of those discriminating passions of envy, hatred, or revenge, to which all her other children were liable.

*Har.* No; since I can remember, I have felt the most unbounded affection for all my fellow-creatures.

*Miss S.* Let me tell you, kinsman, all this pretended philanthropy renders you ridiculous. There is not a fraud, a theft, or hardly any vice committed, that you do not take the criminal's part, shake your head,



and cry, "Provisions are so scarce!" And no longer ago than last Lord-mayor's-day, when you were told that Mr. Alderman Ravenous was ill with an indigestion, you endeavoured to soften the matter, by exclaiming, "Provisions are so scarce!"—But, above all, I condemn the false humanity, which induces you to say many things in conversation which deserve to stigmatize you with the character of deceit.

*Har.* This is a weakness I confess. But though my honour sometimes reproaches me with it as a fault, my conscience never does: for it is by this very failing that I have frequently made the bitterest enemies friends—Just by saying a few harmless sentences, which though a species of falsehood and deceit, yet, being soothing and acceptable to the person offended, I have immediately inspired him with lenity and forgiveness; and then, by only repeating the self-same sentences to his opponent, I have known hearts cold and closed to each other, warmed and expanded, as every human creature's ought to be.

*Every One has His Fault, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

---

HASWELL AND SULTAN.

*Sul.* Sir, you are summoned to receive our thanks, for the troops restored to health by your kind prescriptions.—Ask a reward adequate to your services.

*Has.* Sultan—the reward I ask, is to preserve more of your people still.

*Sul.* How more? my subjects are in health—no contagion reigns among them.

*Haf.* The prisoner is your subject—there misery—more contagious than disease, preys on the lives of hundreds—sentenced but to confinement, their doom is death.—Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily perish—and who can tell but that amongst the many hapless sufferers, there may be hearts, bent down with penitence to Heaven and you, for every slight offence—there may be some amongst the wretched multitude, even innocent victims—Let me seek them out—let me save them, and you.

*Sul.* Amazement! retract your application—curb this weak pity; and receive our thanks.

*Haf.* Curb my pity?—and what can I receive in recompence for that soft bond, which links me to the wretched?—and while it soothes their sorrow, repays me more, than all the gifts or homage of an empire.—But if repugnant to your plan of government—not in the name of pity—but of justice.

*Sul.* Justice! ———

*Haf.* The justice which forbids all but the worst of criminals to be denied that wholesome air the very brute creation freely takes; at least allow them *that*.

*Sul.* Consider, Sir, for whom you plead—for men, (if not base culprits) yet so misled, so depraved, they are offensive to our State, and deserve none of its blessings.

*Haf.* If not upon the undeserving—if not upon the hapless wanderer from the paths of rectitude—where

shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall spring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

*Sul.* Sir, your sentiments, but much more your character, excite my curiosity. They tell me, in our camps, you visited each sick man's bed—administered yourself the healing draught—encouraged our savages with the hope of life, or pointed out their *better* hope in death.—The widow speaks your charities—the orphan lisps your bounties—and the rough Indian melts in tears to bless you.—I wish to ask *why* you have done all this?—What is it prompts you thus to befriend the wretched and forlorn?

*Haf.* In vain for me to explain—the time it wou'd take to tell you why I act thus—

*Sul.* Send it in writing then.

*Haf.* Nay, if you will *read*, I'll send a book, in which is *already* written why I act thus.

*Sul.* What book?—What is it called?

*Haf.* “The Christian Doctrine.” [*Hafwell bows here with the utmost reverence*]. There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

*Such Things Are*, A. 3. Sc. 2.

## PHYSIOGNOMY.

MRS. ENFIELD AND JOANNA.

*Mrs. E.* Will you copy the engraving, I shewed you?—

*Joan.* What the portrait of that strange——?

*Mrs. E.* Mr. Mordent. (*Handing down a frame.*)

*Joan.* Mordent?

*Mrs. E.* Of Portland Place?

*Joan.* (*Examining*) I don't quite like him!

*Mrs. E.* Why?

*Joan.* He's a wicked man—

*Mrs. E.* Nay—

*Joan.* A wild eye!—I hope he is not your relation.

*Mrs. E.* No; but has been a very good friend.

*Joan.* Take care of him!

*Mrs. E.* Can you judge so certainly?

*Joan.* Looking at such a face, who can fail? (*Examining Mrs. Enfield*) You are a worthy lady; a kind lady: your actions bespeak it; and yet—Don't be angry—there is something about your features I don't like!

*Mrs. E.* Bless me, dear!

*Joan.* I must be wrong, because you are good: but you have not a good countenance. That's strange! I never saw such a thing before!—And the more I look, the less I like—

*Mrs. E.* Does she suspect me? (*aside*)

*Joan.* If ever I draw your face, I'll alter some of

the lines. I'll make them such as I think virtue ought to have made them; open, honest, undaunted. You have such a number of little artful wrinkles at the corner of your eyes!—You are very cunning!

*Mrs. E. (In a tremor)* What does she mean?

*Joan.* But what of that? You are kind to me; and I fear no cunning, not I! You found me friendless, have given me work, and I would die to serve you! So I'll copy that wild man's portrait.

*Mrs. E.* Wild?

*Joan.* Nay, for that matter, you need not fear him: but if you know any vain, foolish young girls, that love flaunting, and will listen to fine promises, bid them beware of him!

*Deserted Daughter, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

---

## PITY.

LORD NORLAND, HARMONY, &c.

*Lord. N.* Plead the cause of the good, and I will listen; but you find none but the wicked for your compassion.

*Har.* The good in all states, even in the very jaws of death, are objects of envy; it is the bad who are the only real sufferers: There where no internal consolation cheers, who can refuse a little external comfort?—And let me tell you, my Lord, that amidst all your authority, your state, your grandeur, I often pity you. *Every One has his Fault, A 4. Sc. 1.*



## PLAYS.

LADY AMARANTH, (*Sola*) reading.

The fanciful flights of my pleasant cousin enchant my senses. This book he gave me to read containeth good moral. The man Shakespeare that did write it, they call immortal; he must indeed have been filled with a divine spirit. I understand from my cousin, the origin of plays were religious mysteries; that freed from the superstition of early, and the grossness of latter ages, the stage is now the vehicle of delight and morality. If so, to hear a good play, is taking the wholesome draught of precept from a golden cup, emboss'd with gems; yet, my giving countenance to have one in my house, and even to act in it myself, prove the ascendancy that my dear Harry hath over my heart—Ephraim Smooth is much scandalized at these doings.

*Enter* EPHRAIM.

*Epb.* This mansion is now the tabernacle of Baal.

*Lady Am.* Then abide not in it.

*Epb.* 'Tis full of wicked ones.

*Lady Am.* Stay not among the wicked ones. (*loud laughing without*)

*Epb.* I must shut mine ears.

*Lady Am.* And thy mouth also, good Ephraim. I have bidden my cousin Henry to my house, and I

will not set bounds to his mirth to gratify thy spleen, and shew mine own inhospitality.

*Eph.* Why dost thou suffer him to put into the hands of thy servants books of tragedies, and books of comedies, prelude, interlude, yea, all lewd. My spirit doth wax wrath. I say unto thee, a play-house is the school for the old dragon, and a play-book, the primer of Bel'zebub.

*Lady Am.* This is one; mark! (*reads*) "Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword, the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, become them with one half so good a grace as mercy doth. Oh, think on that, and mercy then will breathe within your lips, like man new made!"—Doth Bel'zebub speak such words? *Wild Oats*, A. 4. Sc. 1.

---

## POPULARITY.

### NOMINAL AND SAUNTER.

*Saun.* Well, every man in his way—For my part, I detest singularity.

*Nom.* Then you're an undone man; for by being singular in nothing, you'll be despised in every thing—For instance, now, George—When you go into company, and inquisitive people say—"Who is he?—What, Mr. Saunter?" nobody can describe you—You have been guilty of no absurdities—no improprieties. But when I condescend to enter a room,

there's a general buz of applause, and the women all whisper, "That's he, the famous Ned Nominal! who games, who drinks, who fights, who intrigues. Oh! the sprightly vicious fellow." In short, George, —I'm a public character.

*Saun.* A public character! What then?

*Nom.* Why, then, I make a damned noise without any meaning.

*Saun.* Believe me, Nominal, you are deceived—A character so useless can neither excite admiration, nor attention.

*Nom.* Useless! Oh, George, George!—how little dost thou know of modern life!—Useless!—That's the very thing that makes me. Now let me put a plain and simple question to you—Isn't a cat that walks on four legs a useful animal?

*Saun.* A cat on four legs useful?—'Tis an odd question—Certainly—

*Nom.* Very well. And what do you think of a cat with only two legs? Why, it's useless; and yet you and the rest of the world shall give it twice the admiration and attention. And there's the difference between us, George.—You are a very useful, worthy fellow, and consequently are despised—I am a very useless mischievous fellow, and of course, am admired—Therefore, my dear boy, take my advice—expose yourself and get into notice.

*Notoristy, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

## POWER.

SELIM TO ABOMOLIQUE.

*Sel.* When power is respected, its basis must be Justice. 'Tis then an edifice that gives the humble shelter, and they reverence it. But 'tis a hatred, shallow fabrick, that rears itself upon oppression: the breath of the discontented swells into a gale around it, 'till it totters.

*Blue Beard, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

MIST TO MRS. DAZZLE.

Mum! ever see Gulliver the Great?—that was our writing—to be sure, audience damn'd it the first night, but what then?—Theatre's mine!—so gave 'em a dose of it; acted it fifty nights running—revenge'd myself there—he! he! he!—and in like manner always will maintain dignity!—always, as long as I'm P. M. Peter Mist—and M. P. manager of a playhouse!

*Management, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

## PREFERMENT.

FRANK AND JESSY.

*Frank.* But Jessy, you who went to Lunnun Town to take in your larning, can tell me, be there as many houses in Lunnun?

*Jessy.* A hundred times the number.

*Frank.* And do your 'squires there, like Sir Hubert Stanley and the Nabob here, keep fine coaches?

*Jessy.* Yes, Frank; there are some thousands round St. James's Gate.

*Frank.* St. James's Geat! Dong-it; it wou'd be worth a poor man's while to stand and open that geat—Pray you, where do that geat lead to?

*Jessy.* The road to preferment, Frank.

*Frank.* Ecod; if your road to preferment be so cramm'd wi' your coaches and great folk, no wonder a poor man be run down when he tries to get a bit.

*Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

---

## PREJUDICATION.

SIR OLIVER, EARLING, LADY CYPRESS, AND EMILY.

*Lady C.* Now, Emily, you see what misery that wicked man has brought upon us all.

*Em.* I'm sorry for Sir Oliver's misfortune.

*Lady C.* I hope you have also pity for the sufferer.

*Em.* I trust I have for all that merit it.

*Earl.* I'm sure Miss Emily will not attempt to extenuate the guilt of such an action.

*Em.* You may be sure I never will defend a guilty person, knowing him for such; be you as careful how to criminate an absent man, till you have proofs against him. (*To Sir Oliver*) Sir, you are silent; I



should wish to know if you have any thing to urge against him.

*Sir O.* Nothing, my dear, I'm listening with attention, and therefore silent. I should be sorry were you less unwilling to give up your opinion of a man who render'd you such service.

*Lady C.* What service? Earling, you have heard the story; let us hear what you have to say upon it.

*Earl.* If Miss Fitzallan will suffer me to put a simple question to her.

*Em.* By all means; put your question.

*Earl.* When Mr. Algernon, by happy chance, came in so opportunely to her rescue, can Miss Fitzallan say what brought him thither so far from his own home?

*Em.* I never ask'd what caus'd him to be there, nor did he tell me.

*Earl.* We'll call it then a very happy chance without a cause, or a most fortunate presentiment that somewhere in that grove there would be found a damsel in the power of some vile ruffian, whom he was doom'd to rescue. Some people might suppose this a collusion, but Miss Fitzallan can remove all doubts, by telling us who was the villain that offer'd her that violence.

*Sir O.* Can you do this, my Emily?

*Em.* I cannot.

*Earl.* Did Mr. Algernon know who he was?

*Em.* I do not think he did.

*Earl.* Did he secure his person?

*Em.* No ; his care was wholly turn'd to me ; the man he left upon the ground, and as it seem'd disabled.

*Earl.* I have done : I leave it to the court to judge.

*Lady C.* A barefac'd trick. It is too palpable.

*Sir O.* Who can say that?—Let Mr. Algernon speak for himself.

*Earl.* Speak !

*Sir O.* Aye, you have spoke, and should not he ? That's justice, is it not ?

*Earl.* Did you always find it so where you have been, Sir Oliver ?

*Sir O.* Whether I found it so or not, I felt it.

*Em.* Now, Mr. Earling, you may put those questions, you've press'd on me, to Mr. Algernon. Perhaps he'll answer them.

*Lady C.* Emily, Emily, you forget yourself.

*Em.* Madam, I should, if I forbore to speak, when charges such as these are urg'd against an absent, therefore a defenceless man. You have not allow'd him to approach you, madam ; this gentleman, equally unknown to him, prejudices him at once ; he is ingenious to find out bad motives for good actions ; there's not a virtue in the human heart but may be metamorphos'd by such cunning into a vice. Sir Oliver has said, and said it in the language of a hero—*Let Mr. Algernon speak for himself.*

*Sir O.* And I repeat those words—Let him be heard!—However circumstances bear against him, and wretched though he has made me, still I hold it

matter of conscience never to prejudice, however strong the grounds of my suspicion.

*False Impressions, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

---

## PREJUDICE.

WINOROVE. (*Solus.*)

How powerful is the influence of prejudice. My reason convinces me that there is no other just criterion for deciding upon the merits of men, but such as grows out of their own personal good or ill properties. If it were true, that the qualities of the parent were transmitted to the progeny, then, indeed, it might be as necessary to establish the genealogy of a man as to ascertain the pedigree of a horse. But the properties of the mind elude the frail laws of hereditary descent, and own no sort of obedience to their authority—How is it then, that with this distinct light before me, I cannot help falling into my father's prejudices? I feel them to be unjust; I know them to be absurd: and yet, unjust and absurd as they are, they influence my conduct in spite of me—I love my sister—I know her affections are engaged to Young Manly—I am satisfied he is worthy of her—Yet I am adverse to the match, and conspire with my father in throwing every obstacle in the way of its completion, and in favour of whom? Of Lord Dartford, a man void of feeling, sentiment, or sincerity—

uniting in him every contradiction of depravity ; cold, gay, ostentatious, and interested—But he is a man of birth—Despicable distinction!

*Fugitive*, A. 2. Sc. 3.

---

FREDERICK AND SHEVA.

*Fred.* All the world knows you roll in riches.

*Sheva.* The world knows no great deal of me ; I do not deny but my monies may roll a little, but for myself I do not roll at all. I live sparingly and labor hard, therefore I am called a miser—I cannot help it—an uncharitable dog, I must endure it—a blood-sucker, an extortioner, a Shylock—hard names, Mr. Frederick, but what can a poor Jew say in return, if a Christian chuses to abuse him?

*Fred.* Say nothing, but spend your money like a Christian.

*Sheva.* We have no abiding place on earth, no country, no home ; every body rails at us, every body flouts us, every body points us out for their may-game and their mockery. If your play-writers want a butt or a buffoon, or a knave to make sport, out comes a Jew to be baited and buffeted through five long acts for the amusement of all good Christians—Cruel sport, merciless amusement ! hard dealings for a poor stray sheep of the scatter'd flock of Abraham ! How can you expect us to shew kindness when we receive none !

*Jew*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

## PREJUDICE OVERCOME.

MR. A. EUSTON AND LADY.

*Mr. Anthony.* Come—I wish not to exact too much—but I am a *man*, Madam, and with every frailty incident to the species : *suspicion* has its place.

*Lady.* I know I am an object of suspicion—but you are deceived in me—indeed you are.—Guilt never *harboured* in my heart.—Maternal tenderness, for two helpless infants, hurried me in a moment to do I know not what, rather than lose them.—A deed ! the horror of which (although by the mercy of eternal Providence I have escaped its direct consequences) must ever cover me with blushes ; and, shou'd indulgent heaven reserve me for a meeting with my husband, must, with remorse, damp every joy the fond, fond, interview would give !

*Mr. Anthony.* Be comforted.—[*Leading her to her seat.*] I mean not to increase, but soothe your grief.—Tell me but *who* you are, and *why* thus abandoned by all your relations, friends, and husband ? —

\* \* \* \*

No frivolous curiosity, but a desire to serve you, thus urges me to entreat you will *unfold* yourself.

*Lady.* Oh, Sir, I have a husband, *I think*, who loves me.—Once I am sure he did.—*My* heart has never strayed from *him*, since our fatal union.—What must that poor heart suffer, torn with remorse



for the rash step my mad-despair suggested to preserve my children! —Oh! in my bosom let his name lie hid, that none may know his wretched fortune in a hapless wife.

*Mr. Anthony.* Your reasons have satisfied me.—I do not ask your name.—Tell me but the *circumstances* that drove you to the state from whence I released you—Be so far explicit, and I will ask no more.

*Lady.* Most willingly.—When first my husband saw me, I was friendless.—Compassion caused his love for me—Gratitude mine for him.—Forlorn and destitute, no kind relation, no tender benefactor taught my heart affection.—Unused to all the little offices of kindness, could they but endear the object who bestowed them? —Sense of obligation, never before excited, pressed on my thoughts, and soon was changed to love.—He scorned to violate the heart that was his own, and we were married.

*Mr. Anthony.* I find no room for accusation here.—Go on—go on, Madam.—What has alienated your husband from you, and left you thus destitute at present?—if you can resolve me that—if you still have acted with equal propriety, I am your friend—I have no censure for you.

*Lady.* But you will condemn my husband—even I must own *he* was to blame. Born of wealthy parents, the heir to large possessions, and I to none, when he married, all were given up, and he changed his state for mine.—We had no friend but in each other—yet happy was that state to *me*, till poverty surprised us;

and the fond hope (which once he cherished) of paternal forgiveness, vanished from my husband.—Then all our days were bitter as they had before been happy—tears were my only food, and sighs were his—even *reproach* I have endured from him, for making him the friendless wretch he call'd himself.—Yet—yet, at our parting, oh! then he cancell'd all—for when the regiment, in which he served, was ordered from the kingdom, he hung upon me, clasped his poor children, begg'd our forgiveness for the thousand outrages distress at our misfortunes had caused him to commit—swore that affection for us was the source of his impatience—prayed heaven to bless *us*, whatever might be *his* fate—nay, prayed that death might speedily be his doom, so that it turned his father's heart to us.

*Mr. Anthony* And have you never applied to his father?

*Lady.* Yes; but all in vain; and two months since, hearing my husband was made prisoner, (and destitute of every relief and every hope while he remained so) I left my children and came to London, resolved, in *person*, to supplicate his father's bounty; when I learn'd (dire news) his father, visiting an estate abroad, was lost, and we left to despair.

*Mr. Anthony.* What do you say?

*Lady.* Nay, do not blame him—I pardon him from my soul.—And as my husband, spite of his disobedience, loved him tenderly, I will ever give a tear in tribute to his memory.

*Mr. Anthony.* Without hesitation! without the smallest reserve, tell me your husband's name? Is it Euston?

*Lady.* It is!

*Mr. Anthony.* His father is not dead!—He lives, and pardons him this moment! [*Embracing her.*]

*Mrs. Euston.* You are his father!—I know it!—I see it in your looks! [*Kneeling.*]

*Mr. Anthony.* And you shall henceforth see it in my actions!—Rise, rise, and behold [*Taking a paper from his pocket.*] where I this moment again disown'd him for my son, while the poor of every kind (except himself) I ever styled my children.—Oh! charity, partially dealt, never more receive that heavenly virtue's title.—Here [*Pointing to the paper.*] I provide for you as a poor stranger, who never asked, and might not have deserved my bounty; while, as a daughter, begging for an alms, I shut my heart, and sent your supplications back. Where was the merit of my thousands given, while one poor wretch, from proud resentment, petitioned me in vain?

*I'll Tell You What, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

## PRINCIPLE.

SIR STEPHEN, FREDERICK, SHEVA, &c.

*Fred.* The treasure that integrity has collected, cannot be better lodg'd than in the hands of honor.

*Sir S.* It is a mine of wealth.

*Shyva.* Excuse me, goot Sir Stephen, it is not a mine, for it was never out of sight of those who search for it: the poor man did not dig to find it; and where I now bestow it, it will be found by him again. I do not bury it in a synagogue or any other pile; I do not waste it upon vanity or public works: I leave it to a charitable heir, and build my hospital in the human heart.

*Jew, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

## PROMISES.

PERCY AND MOTLEY.

*Percy.* How, Gilbert? Have you not promised to stand by me to the last? Did you not say you could die in my service with pleasure?

*Motl.* Very true.—But, Lord! if a man was always taken at his word, the world would soon be turned upside down. When a polite gentleman begs you to consider his house as your own, and assures you that all he has is at your disposal, he'd be in a terrible scrape if you begin knocking down his walls, or requested the loan of his wife or daughters!

*Castle Spectre, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

## PROPRIETY.

WOODVILLE AND CECILIA.

*Wood.* My Cecilia!—My soul!—Have I at last the happiness of beholding you!—You know me too

well to imagine I would punish *myself* by a moment's voluntary delay.

*Cec.* Oh no ; it is not that—(*both sit down on the sofa*.)

*Wood.* Say, are you glad to see me ;—afford me one kind word to atone for your cold looks !—Are you not well ?

*Cec.* Rather say I am not happy.—My dear Woodville, I am an altered being !—Why have you reduced me to shrink thus in your presence ?—Oh ! why have you made me unworthy of yourself ?—(*leans against his shoulder, weeping.*)

*Wood.* Cruel girl !—Is this my welcome ?—When did I appear to think you so ?

*Cec.* Tell me, when any one else will think me otherwise ?

*Wood.* Will you never be above so narrow a prejudice ?—Are we not the whole world to each other ? Nay, dry your tears ! allow me to dry them (*kisses her cheek.*) What is there, in the reach of love or wealth, I have not fought to make you happy ?

*Cec.* That which is the essence of all enjoyments :—innocence !—Oh, Woodville ! you knew not the value of the heart, whose peace you have destroyed.—My sensibility first ruined my virtue, and then my repose.—But, though, for you I consent to abandon an humble happy home, to embitter the age of my venerable father, and bear the contempt of the world, I can never support my own !—My heart revolts against my situation, and hourly bids



me renounce a splendor, which only renders guilt more despicable.—(*Rises*) I meant to explain this hereafter; but the agitation of my mind obliged me to lighten it immediately.

*Wood.* Is your affection already extinct?—For sure it must, when you can resolve to torture me thus!

*Cec.* Were my love extinct, I might sink into a mean content!—Oh no!—'tis to that alone I owe my resolution.

*Wood.* Can you then plunge me into despair?—So young, so lovely too!—Oh! where could you find so safe an asylum as my heart?—Whither could you fly?

*Cec.* I am obliged to you, Sir, for the question; but who is it that has made me thus destitute?—I may retain your protection, indeed, but at what price?

*Wood.* Give me but a little time, my love! I am equally perplexed between my father and my uncle: each of whom offers me a wife I can never love.—Suffer them to defeat each other's schemes!—Let me, if possible, be happy without a crime; for I must think it one, to grieve a parent hitherto so indulgent.—I will not put any thing in competition with your peace; and long for the hour when the errors of the lover will be absorbed in the merits of the husband.

*Cec.* No, Woodville!—That was, when innocent, as far above my hopes, as it is now beyond my wishes.—I love you too sincerely to reap any advantage from so generous an error; yet you at once

flatter and wound my heart, in allowing me worthy such a distinction ; but love cannot subsist without esteem ; and how should I possess your's, when I have lost even my own ?

*Wood.* It is impossible you should ever love either, while so deserving of both.—I shall not be so easily denied hereafter, but am bound by the caprices of others at present.—I am obliged to return directly, but will hasten to you the very first moment.—When we meet again, it must be with a smile, remember !

*Cec.* It will when we meet again.—Oh, how those words oppress me ! (*aside*)—But do not regulate your conduct by mine, nor make me an argument with yourself, for disobeying my Lord ; for here I solemnly swear never to accept you without the joint-consent of both our fathers ; and that I consider as an eternal abjuration !—But, may the favoured woman you are to make happy, have all my love without my weakness !

*Chapter of Accidents, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

---

## PROSPERITY.

GEORGE, TRUEPENNY, &c.

*George.* ——— I confess to you, that I have found the coming unexpectedly into possession of Five Thousand a Year, a damn'd troublesome thing.

*True.* It's a trouble many would be glad to take off your hands.

*George.* Very likely—but only imagine the restraints I am suddenly under—the friends who us'd to shake me cordially by the hand, now approach me with a respectful bow.—The rich sparks who us'd to cut me at College, now insist on my being very intimate with them; those who wou'd in a friendly way call me George, now can only pronounce the monosyllable, *SIR*, while those, who in contempt, wou'd style me, *Mr.* Fervid, now entitle me George, swear they always liked me, and that George is the honestest fellow in the universe.

*Five Thousand a Year, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

---

## PROVIDENCE.

MENTEVOLE AND JULIA.

*Ment.* This garden leads to mine; the passages  
Are all secur'd. A ready priest within  
Waits to unite us; therefore yield at once;  
Vain is resistance. If I raise my voice,  
Four faithful slaves behind yon thicket lodg'd,  
Will bear thee off.

*Julia.* Am I betray'd thus vilely?

*Ment.* Look round, no aid is near thee. Thou art  
mine:

All thy reluctant beauties are my spoil,  
And, won by wit, shall be enjoy'd at will.  
Come;—nay, no strife.

*Julia. (kneeling)* O, give me instant death!  
See, at your feet I fall.—

\* \* \* \* \*

Satiate thy rage;  
With new-invented cruelty deface me;  
I will but smile at the uplifted steel,  
And bless you while you kill me.

*Ment.* Have a care!  
I mean thee no dishonour; but these struggles,  
That heaving bosom, those resistless beams,  
Darting their subtle heat through all my frame,  
May fire my senses to so wild a tumult—

*Julia.* O, fatal thought! I will choke in my breath;  
Fall lifeless here. Is there no pitying power!  
Are prayers in vain above?

*Ment.* As empty air.  
Love only wakes, for he inspires my ardour.  
O, fond reluctance! must I call for aid?  
No, gently thus— [*sloping to raise her, in the struggle, the dagger falls from his breast, which she seizes instantly, and rises.*]

*Julia.* Ha! was it sent from heaven?  
Lo, thine own dagger. See, I grasp it strongly:  
Now, monster, I defy thee.

*Ment.* Plagues! confusion!

*Julia.* The righteous guardian of the innocent  
Has look'd from yon bright firmament to earth,  
And sends this timely succour.

*Ment.* Meddling dæmons,  
In black confed'racy combin'd against me,

Turn all my engines to their own destruction.  
Yet hear with patience—

*Julia.* If thou dar'st approach me,  
Stir but thy foot, or call thy base associates,—  
Swift as the ray that darts from yonder orb,  
(I feel the artery here,) this friendly point  
Shall pierce my heart, and, as death's shades close  
round me,  
I'll bless the night which shuts thee out for ever.

*Julia, A. 4. Sc. 5.*

---

## PRUDENCE.

LADY ANNE TO MRS. SARNET.

Shall I tyrannize over the affections that I cannot win? If I want the power to please, let me correct my own defects, and not accuse my husband of insensibility! Oh, nothing is so killing to a husband's love, as a discontented, irksome, wailing wife! let me be any thing but that!

*Deserted Daughter, A. 1. Sc. 7.*

---

## PRUDENCE CHECKING IMPRUDENCE.

LADY ANNE AND MRS. SARNET.

*Lady A.* Take a letter out of your master's pocket?

*Mrs. Sar.* Yes, my lady; because, being broke



open, I read the contents, and found that it was from one Mrs. Enfield, to appoint an *assassination* between my master and a young girl.

*Lady A.* Give it me!

*Mrs. Sar.* Yes, my lady; I was sure you could not but wish to see it.

*Lady A.* Mistress Sarfnet, I have frequently cautioned you against practices like these; which are mean, dishonest, and pilfering.

*Mrs. Sar.* My lady!

*Lady A.* To have robbed your master of his money would have been less culpable, than to steal from him the knowledge of transactions which, because of their impropriety, he has not the courage to avow.

\* \* \*

I have winked at these liberties too often: I'll suffer them no longer.

*Mrs. Sar.* Very—very well—Since your ladyship is so angry, you may turn, turn, me away, if you please, and quite break, break, break my heart!

*Lady A.* No: the fault is more than half my own: But, from this time, I seriously warn you against such improper, such base actions. \* \* \*

(*With great kindness*) What you have done has been affectionately meant. I am sorry to have given you pain, and to have excited your tears. But I must earnestly desire you will commit no more such mistakes. They are wrong, in themselves; and every way fatal to my peace.

\* \* \*

MR. MORDENT AND LADY ANNE.

*Lady A.* Pray, Mr. Mordent— \* \* \* \*I have a paper—(*showing the paper*).*Mor.* Ay, ay! I knew it. Come, begin! I am prepared.*Lady A.* It fell into my hands by the reprehensible but unauthorized curiosity of my woman.*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha!*Lady A.* Indeed, I have never opened it.*Mor.* Nor she either!*Lady A.* Yes; but that is not my fault.*Mor.* Yours indeed? Impossible!*Lady A.* The heart; which I cannot secure by affection, I will not alienate by suspecting. (*returns the letter*)*Deserted Daughter*, A. 2. Sc. 7 & 10.

## PUFFS.

PUFF, SNEER AND DANGLE.

*Puff.* Even the Auctioneers now—the Auctioneers, I say, tho' the rogues have lately got some credit for their language—not an article of the merit their's!—take them out of their pulpits, and they are as dull as Catalogues!—No, sir;—'twas I first enrich'd their style—'twas I first taught them to crowd their advertisements with panegyrical superlatives, each epithet rising above the other—like the Bidders in their own Auction-rooms! From *me* they learn'd to

enlay their phraseology with variegated chips of exotic metaphor: by *me* too their inventive faculties were called forth.—Yes sir, by *me* they were instructed to cloath ideal walls with gratuitous fruits—to insinuate obsequious rivulets into visionary groves—to teach courteous shrubs to nod their approbation of the grateful soil! or on emergencies to raise upstart oaks, where there never had been an acorn; to create a delightful vicinage without the assistance of a neighbour; or fix the temple of Hygeia in the sens of Lincolnshire!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sneer.* ——— But surely, Mr. *Puff*, there is no great *mystery* in your present profession?

*Puff.* Mystery! Sir, I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated, nor reduced to rule before.

*Sneer.* Reduced to rule?

*Puff.* O lud, sir! you are very ignorant, I am afraid.—Yes, sir,—*Puffing* is of various sorts—the principal are, The *Puff direct*—the *Puff preliminary*—the *Puff collateral*—the *Puff collusive*, and the *Puff oblique*, or *Puff by implication*. These all assume, as circumstances require, the various forms of *Letter to the Editor*—*Occasional Anecdote*—*Impartial Critique*—*Observation from Correspondent*,—or *Advertisement from the Party*.

*Sneer.* The puff direct, I can conceive—

*Puff.* O yes, that's simple enough—for instance—A new Comedy or Farce is to be produced at one of

the Theatres (though by the bye they don't bring out half what they ought to do) The author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper—or any particular friend of mine—very well; the day before it is to be performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received—I have the plot from the author—and only add—Characters strongly drawn—highly coloured—hand of a master—fund of genuine humour—mine of invention—neat dialogue—attic salt! Then for the performance—Mr. D—d astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry! That universal and judicious actor, Mr. P—r, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the *Colonel*; but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. K—g!—Indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience! As to the scenery—The miraculous power of Mr. *De Loutherbourg's* pencil are universally acknowledged!—In short, we are at a loss which to admire most—the unrivalled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers—the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers!—

\* \* \* \*

*Sneer.* Well, Sir,—the *Puff Preliminary*?

*Puff.* O that, Sir, does well in the form of a *caution*.—In a matter of gallantry now—Sir *Flimsy Goffimer* wishes to be well with Lady *Fanny Fete*——He applies to me—I open trenches for him with a

paragraph in the Morning Post.—It is recommended to the beautiful and accomplished Lady F four stars F dash E to be on her guard against that dangerous character, Sir F dash G; who, however pleasing and insinuating his manners may be, is certainly not remarkable for the *constancy of his attachments*!—in Italicks.—Here you see, Sir *Flimsy Gossamer* is introduced to the particular notice of Lady *Fanny*—who, perhaps, never thought of him before—she finds herself publickly cautioned to avoid him, which naturally makes her desirous of seeing him;—the observation of their acquaintance causes a pretty kind of mutual embarrassment, this produces a sort of sympathy of interest—which, if Sir *Flimsy* is unable to improve effectually, he at least gains the credit of having their names mentioned together, by a particular set, and in a particular way—which nine times out of ten is the full accomplishment of modern gallantry.

*Dangle.* Egad, Sneer, you will be quite an adept in the business.

*Puff.* Now, Sir, *the Puff Collateral* is much used as an appendage to advertisements, and may take the form of anecdote.—Yesterday as the celebrated *George Bon Mot* was fauntering down St. James's-street, he met the lively Lady *Mary Myrtle*, coming out of the Park.—‘Good God, *Lady Mary*, I am surprised to meet you in a white jacket—for I expected never to have seen you, but in a full trimmed



uniform and a light horseman's cap!—'Heavens, George, where could you have learned that?'—'Why, replied the wit, I just saw a print of you, in a new publication called the *Camp Magazine*, which, by the bye, is a devilish clever thing—and is sold at No. 3, on the right hand of the way, two doors from the printing-office, the corner of Ivy-lane, Pater-noster-row, price only one shilling!'

*Sneer.* Very ingenious indeed!

*Puff.* But the *Puff Collusive* is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility.—It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets.—An indignant correspondent observes—that the new poem called *Beelzebub's Cotillion*, or *Proserpine's Fete Champetre*, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! And as there are many descriptions in it too warmly coloured for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion, is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age!—Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth—First, that nobody ought to read it—and secondly, that every body buys it; on the strength of which, the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition, before he had sold ten of the first: and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely inflicting himself for *Scan. Mag.*!

*Dangle.* Ha! ha! ha!—'gad I know it is so.

*Puff.* As to the *Puff Oblique*, or *Puff by Implication*, it is too various and extensive to be illustrated by an instance; it attracts in titles, and presumes in patents; it lurks in the *limitation* of a subscription, and invites in the assurance of croud and incommodation at public places; it delights to draw forth concealed merit, with a most disinterested assiduity; and sometimes wears a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach—It has a wonderful memory for Parliamentary Debates, and will often give the whole speech of a favoured member with the most flattering accuracy. But, above all, it is a great dealer in reports and suppositions. It has the earliest intelligence of intended preferments that will reflect *honor* on the *patrons*; and embryo promotions of modest gentlemen—who know nothing of the matter themselves. It can hint a ribband for implied services, in the air of a common report; and with the carelessness of a casual paragraph, suggest officers into commands—to which they have no pretension but their wishes. This, Sir, is the last principal class of the *Art of Puffing*—An art which I hope you will now agree with me, is of the highest dignity—yielding a tablature of benevolence and public spirit; befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics: the applause of genius! the register of charity! the triumph of heroism! the self-defence of contractors! the fame of orators!—and the gazette of ministers!

*Critic, A. 1. Sc. 4.*

## QUALIFICATIONS (FEMALE.)

PERCY AND MOTLEY.

*Mot.* And now, Sir, may I ask what brings you to Wales!

*Per.* A woman, whom I adore.

\* \* \*

The orphan ward of a villager, without friends, without family, without fortune.

*Mot.* Great points in her favour, I must confess. And which of these excellent qualities won your heart?

*Per.* I hope I had better reasons for bestowing it on her. No, Gilbert; I lov'd her for a person beautiful without art, and graceful without affectation—for an heart tender without weakness, and noble without pride. I saw her at once beloved and revered by her village companions; they looked on her as a being of a superior order: and I felt that she who gave such dignity to the cottage maid, must needs add new lustre to the coronet of the Percies.

*Castle Spectre, A. 1. Sc. 7.*

## QUALITY (ESTIMATED.)

COSTLY TO WAITER.

Your best customer is your rich cockney; and he always stops at the dearest inn—always—for he fan-

cies nothing good that's not expensive, and judges of the quality of an article by the quantity he pays for it—For instance, now ; turtle!—do you imagine half the citizens, who eat turtle, like it?—no ; but it must be good, because it is so d — d expensive!

*Laugh When you Can, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

---

## QUALITY (RIDICULED.)

OLD FRANKS AND WHIMMY.

*Whim.* Then, as you have heard I've hopes of a peerage, you might be a little more respectful, Billy.

*Old P.* If you want to have more respect than another man, be better than another man; for your being call'd a lord can neither give you a wise head nor a good heart.

*London Hermit, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

---

MONROSE AND SUSAN.

*Mon.* Follow my advice, and you shall soon be a real lady.

*Suf.* What and ride in my coach?

*Mon.* Ay, girl.

*Suf.* Keep two footmen, a parrot, a lap-dog, and a monkey?

*Mon.* Oh a whole menagerie of monkeys.

*Suf.* Wear high feathers, long gowns, short petticoats, red slippers, and clock stockings?

*Mon.* If you please.

*Suf.* Have my bed warm'd every night, lie as long as I like of a morning, eat buttered crumpets for breakfast, plumb dumplings for dinner, and oranges and sweetmeats for luncheon and supper?

*Mon.* Served up with sugar-candy sauce. Ha, ha, ha! Should you like it?

*Suf.* Like it? How am I to get it?

*Mon.* By getting a rich husband.

*Suf.* What one of your London Squire Jemmies; with his thing'embobs down to his ancles, his hands in his pockets, his switch in his boot, his impudent stare, and his hop, skip and swagger, "How do you do, my dear?" *Knave or Knot? A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## QUIBBLE.

LAURENCE AND ALICE.

*Law.* Tell the cook to make haste, Alice. I like my victuals rather under done.

*Ali.* You have been used to eat your meat rare, I suppose?

*Law.* Yes, the meat that came to my share in Algiers was very *rare*, indeed!—not above once a month.

*Ali.* And how did they treat you, Laurence? Tell me all about it.

*Law.* They treated me with my *board*, to be sure—to sleep on, I mean; a scarcity of bread and water; and plenty of stripes and hard labour. For my part,



I had rather pay my own way in Florence, than be treated so by the best Algerine of 'em all!

*Strangers at Home, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

---

## QUIZZING.

SIR PAUL AND CLARA.

*Sir P.* So far, I'm safe, my dear girl; you don't know what your poor guardian has suffer'd in this high—no—this low-lif'd house!—they forc'd me into a room full of buffoons, boxers, and black legs—made me drink a bowl of punch, and I'd as soon drink so much poison—then winking and nodding, they began whispering pretty loudly—"Smoke the old prig!—damne, quiz him!"

*Clara.* Quiz him!—what's that, Guardy?

*Sir Paul.* Why, with our young men of quality, quizzing is a substitute for wit, my dear; so one man challeng'd me to play on the violin, and when I rose to move my elbows, another whip'd the chair from under me; a second put hot coals into my pocket, so when I felt for my handkerchief, I burnt my fingers; a third tried to cut off my tail, but that assassin I pursued, when unluckily in running after him, they had tied a string across the stairs, and I pitch'd headforemost into a barrel of water, they had placed for the purpose.

*Rage, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## REASON.

SIR WILLIAM TO JULIA.

*Sir W.* Reason, Julia!—You know 'tis my delight, my glory. What constitutes the pre-eminence of man, but his reason? 'tis like the sacred virtue of high blood, a natural exaltation, of which we can never lose the advantage, but by voluntary degradation, or perverse misuse—

*Fugitive*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

## RECOLLECTION.

YOUNG MANLY AND WILLIAM.

*Y. Man.* Heavens, what a confusion of horrors breaks in upon my mind,—My Julia fled, and I not the partner of her flight!—Oh I dare not speak my apprehensions even to myself!—If they are true, I am undone. Wretch that I am, were that all, it would be a trifle; but, Julia, my life, my soul, my love, I have ruin'd thee. I feel it all come rushing o'er my mind; yet still it has the wildness of a dream—I recollect something of a fair creature weeping and entreating me to let her go—Was it possible, that in any state, I could let her sue in vain.

*Wil.* I hope, Sir, you will forgive me for being so bold, but I am afraid Miss and you have had some difference.

*Y. Man.* What's that to you, Sir?—Contemptible

villain that I am, I blush that my own servant should guess at my conduct—Yet she has escaped Lord Dartford—How know I what she has escaped, or what endured? Those heavenly charms of her's may have exposed her to worse than robbery! Yet surely her melodious tongue would subdue a tyger!—Did it soften thee, thou more obdurate far than any other of thy kindred savages in the forest?—And yet 'tis hard—'Twas to her own dear health I sacrificed my reason—Oh! Julia—If I had lov'd thee less, I had not deserved to have lost thee—Perhaps William might get some intelligence—I cannot let him know how I have acted—Selfish wretch, dost thou start at shame?—May he not bring word where she has taken refuge—Possibly I can serve her—Not for myself—I renounce all hope—Yet if I can but serve her—William!

*Wil. Sir.*

*Y. Man.* I have behaved like a scoundrel, William—worse than a brute. I went to meet Miss Wingrove, and you find how I qualified myself to be her protector—Where she is, I know not—Go, enquire, good William—and be speedy—Go to her father's—every where—and bring me word before I'm quite distracted—Stay, I'll go too—we'll divide, and meet at the post-house an hour hence.

*Wil. Sir,* you're so much flurried, you had better stay here till I come back.

*Y. Man.* Don't talk, Sir—And do you hear—Take care you don't get drunk, Sir—I know your failing,

rascal; but when matters of importance are in agitation, none—no, none but a scoundrel like myself would degrade his nature by basely unfitting it for all the functions which render it either useful or respectable.

*Fugitive, A 2. Sc. 5.*

## RECONCILIATION.

RIVERS, MRS. ORMOND, AND ZORAYDA *veiled*.

*Mrs. O.* In vain, have I endeavoured, my dear sir, to convince Miss Mandeville that she dreads, without reason, the severity of your strictures. I assure her that you will speak to her. \* \* \*

*Riv.* Most soothingly! most kindly! Even as a father would speak to his daughter.

*Mrs. O. (eagerly)* Right—exactly right! Remember your promise—Speak to her as an indulgent father would to his daughter, his beloved and repentant daughter. I leave you with her.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Riv. (after a pause)* I—I—presume, Miss Mandeville, you are aware how delicate a task Mrs. Ormond has imposed on me. (*Zorayda bows*) So delicate in truth, that no sentiment could induce my undertaking it less strong than gratitude for your generous intentions towards myself, and the interest which Emily's account of you at first inspired me with, and which your appearance could not fail to increase.

*Zor. (aside)* Oh that dear voice! Yet how terrible it sounds!

*Riv.* I will not dwell upon the worth of public opinion, the blessings of self satisfaction, the torments of present shame and of future remorse; I know full well how light these considerations weigh against love, when a young hand holds the balance. 'Twas your heart which led you astray; to your heart then will I make my appeal; and if it be not marble, I shall not make my appeal in vain. Miss Mandeville, I will speak of your father—will explain how heavy is a father's curse—will paint how dreadful is a father's anguish!—Well can I describe that anguish! I have felt it, feel it still! I once had a daughter!—

*Zor. (aside)* His voice falters.

*Riv.* This daughter—Oh! how I lov'd her, words cannot say, thought cannot measure!—This daughter sacrificed me for a villain, fled from my paternal roof, and—her flight has broken my heart—her ingratitude has dug my grave!

*Zor. (aside)* How I suffer!—Oh my God!

*Riv. (recovering himself)* Young lady, my daughter's seducer was Beauchamp! He has deserted her; so, doubt it not, will he desert you. My execration is upon her! Oh! let not your father's fall upon you as heavy. Haste to him ere it be too late! Wait not till his resentment becomes rooted—till his resolve becomes immutable—till he sheds such burning



tears as I now shed—till he suffers such bitter pangs as I now suffer—till he curses as I now curse——

*Zor.* (*throwing aside her veil, and sinking on her knees*) Spare me! spare me!

*Riv.* Zorayda!—(*after a pause*) Away!

*Zor.* Pardon! pardon!

*Riv.* Leave me, girl!

*Zor.* While I have life, never again! Never; no, not even though you still frown on me! Nay struggle not!—Father, I am a poor distracted creature! Still shall my lips, till sealed by death, cry to you for mercy—still will I thus clasp my father's hand, till he cuts off mine, or else forgives me!

*Riv.* Zorayda! Girl!——Hence, foolish tears!

*Zor.* I hope not for kindness, I sue but for pardon—I ask not to live happy in your love, I plead but to die soothed by your forgiveness.—Still loath my fault, frown on me still, dash me on the earth, trample me in the dust, kill me, but forgive me!

*Riv.* Her voice—her tears—I can support them no longer. (*Breaks from her, and hastens to the door*)

*Zor.* (*wringing her hands in despair*) Cruel! cruel! My God! my God!—Oh! were my mother but alive!

*Riv.* (*starting*) Her mother!

*Zor.* Ah! he stops, She lives then! lives too in his heart!—Oh! plead thou for me, fainted spirit! plead thou too, in former sorrows, my greatest comfort, in present sufferings, my only hope!—(*taking a picture from her bosom*) Look on it, my father! 'tis

the portrait of your wife, of your adored Zorayda! look on these eyes—you have so often said they were like mine. Be moved by my voice—you have so often said it reminded you of my mother's!—'Tis she who thus sinks at your feet—'tis she who now cries to you, Pardon your erring, your repentant child!—Father, I stand on the brink of ruin: already the ground gives way beneath my feet—yet a moment, and I am lost!—Save me! Father, save me! If not for my sake, if not for your own, oh father, father! save me for my mother's sake!

*Riv. (Looking alternately at the portrait and her) Zorayda—Zorayda! My child! my child! (Sinks upon her bosom)*

*East Indian, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

---

SIR STEPHEN TO ELIZA.

Well, be as it may, with or without a fortune, portion'd or pennyless, I feel myself so irresistibly impell'd to open my arms to you as a father, that whether Sheva has or has not deceiv'd me, I here deposit my resentment, and by what I experience of your power over my heart, most thoroughly acquit my son for having surrender'd his.

\* \* \* \*

Your merit then, and not your fortune, shall endear you to me. I will strike out ten thousand pounds, that I perceive you are not possess'd of,

and write in ten thousand graces, which I perceive you are possess'd of, and so balance the account.

*Jew, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

---

## REFLECTION.

KENRIC TO OSMOND.

But what, Earl Osmond, what can repay me for the sacrifice of my innocence?—I was virtuous till you bade me be guilty—my hands were pure till you taught me to stain them with blood—you painted in strong colours the shame of servitude—you promised freedom, riches, independence—you vanquished the resistance of my better Angel, and never since have I known one moment of rest!

\* \* \* \* \*

All here reminds me of my guilt—every object recalls to me Reginald, and his murder'd Lady!

*Castle Spectre, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

---

## REMUNERATION.

RIVERS AND MRS. ORMOND.

*Mrs. Orm.* Doubtless on applying to my brother—

*Riv.* I have applied.

*Mrs. Orm.* And the result was—

*Riv.* Coldness and scorn.

*Mrs. Orm.* Indeed?—Oh George!—Well, well, we will not despond: In my poverty, I have still

some friends, I trust, both able and willing to oblige me. To these will I recommend you, and till they succeed in serving you, take a lodging near mine; my table shall be always open to you; and as you may already have contracted some little debts, pray make use of this trifle to discharge them. If not sufficient, only say it, and the sum shall be increased.

*Riv.* Madam!—Cousin!—Emily!—Nay, now my heart must burst!

*Mrs. Orm.* Let not such a trifle—

*Riv.* Forgive me!—Dearest Emily, forgive me! Here—take it, take it, and Heaven make you as happy with it as you deserve to be.—(*Giving her a pocket-book.*)

*Mrs. Orm.* How?—Notes?—and to a large amount!—What can this mean?

*Riv.* It means, that I deserve to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, for giving one moment's uneasiness to such a heart. I am rich, Emily, rich—Yet I lie, for all that was mine is now yours.

*Mrs. Orm.* Amazement! Can this be real?

*Riv.* A few hours shall convince you of its truth, nor can you feel better pleased to be heiress of my riches, than I feel at finding a heiress who deserves them. But I must away and begin my preparations, for by six o'clock you must be lodged in your own house, attended by your own servants, and ready to welcome me at your own table.

*Mrs. Orm.* But, dear sir, this great haste—

*Riv.* Oh! hang delay; what I do, I do at once, and so farewell for the present.—(*Going.*)

*Mrs. Orm.* But at least take back these notes; their value—

*Riv.* Is trifling when compared with that of your present! (*kissing it.*) But never—no, while I have life never will I part with this note! I'll wear it next my heart as a talisman, for you gave it when you could full ill afford it, and gave it too from the noblest of motives, compassion for the distressed, and respect for the memory of a father!

*East Indian, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

---

## REPARTEE.

### GROOM AND CRACK.

*Groom.* Why, that trunk, you, and the sailor, for a light carriage, were a little too weighty, I think, friend.

*Crack.* Not weighty enough, friend, or your trotting nags would not have galloped so fast; but it seems yours and your horses wits jump.

*Groom.* How so?

*Crack.* Why, your horses, like you, voted us too weighty, and so unloaded us.

*Groom.* Unloaded you!

*Crack.* Yes; if you won't believe me, ask your master's great coat—(*gives it*)—Brush-it, d'ye hear, it has been rubb'd already.



*Groom.* And hav'n't you brought the black horse back?

*Crack.* Why, how you talk! the black horse would not bring us back.

*Groom.* And where is he?

*Crack.* He's gone.

*Groom.* Gone! Where?

*Crack.* He did not tell me where he was going; I was not in his confidence; when you catch him teach him better manners.

*Groom.* Dam'me, if ever I heard the like before!—  
(*amazed.*)

*Crack.* No, nor saw the like *behind*! He winc'd like a devil! the worst bred horse I ever saw.

*Groom.* What do you talk of? Not a better bred horse in the kingdom—(*with a knowing slang manner.*)

*Crack.* Then the manners of horses are not more refined than their masters; he kick'd up, as much as to say, that for you—(*kicks up.*)

*Groom.* Dam'me, but you seem to have made a very nice job of it.

*Crack.* If you flatter at hearing *half*, what will you say when you know the *whole*? The carriage, you see——

*Groom.* Is that run away too?

*Crack.* No; but it might, if I hadn't taken good care of it.

*Groom.* By driving over posts, I suppose?

*Crack.* No; by driving *against* posts—(Oh! you'll

find me correct)—by which I took off one wheel, and broke the other.

*Groom.* And havn't you brought it with you?

*Crack.* Without wheels! how could I?—'would have broke my back.

*Groom.* I wish you may'nt get your head broke, that's all.

*Crack.* So far from that, I expect to be complimented for my judgment; for if I had not, like a skilful whip, whipped off the wheels, I might have lost the carriage and all its valuable contents: by being expert I have saved both.

*Turnpike Gate, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

---

## REPLICATION.

ABBESS AND ELLENA.

*Abbess.* Approach me daughter.—You, no doubt, are conscious

You are brought hither that the charms of youth  
Improperly directed may not fully  
The honour of a most illustrious house.

*Ellena.* Your sanctity will pardon me. I know  
No passion better than the love of truth.  
It is a truth, the Count Vivaldi fought me  
In honourable seeming—it is true too  
That I refer'd him to his noble parents,  
And lent no approbation to the suit  
Which had not their allowance to sustain it,

*Abbess.* Youth is habitually fickle, fair one.  
Thus much to justify my friend's precaution.

*Ellena.* But can you think distrust of their son's  
firmness

Gives them a warrant to imprison me?  
Am I thus torn from life and all its blessings,  
Because a noble youth presumes to love me?  
O'er him they have a parent's high controul;  
But upon me no right, but such as pow'r gives;  
A tyrant's pow'r that's wrested from the laws,  
And violates the confidence of life.

*Abbess.* High notions these, from one so lowly  
born!

*Ellena.* No one is born too low for justice, Madam.  
The humble feel as do the proudly born.  
Shun pain, court pleasure, woo esteem like them.  
And the most subtle, but quick spark of love  
Strikes as much fire of passion in the poor,  
As that which warms the bosom of the mightiest.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Abbess.* You are too bold.

*Ellena.* Your pardon, I am injur'd.  
Malice has silver tones, and placid looks.  
The persecuted kindle with resentment,  
And call a wrong a wrong—where'er they meet it.

*Abbess.* Is it a wrong to open wide the doors  
Of bliss eternal, to precarious honour?  
Is it a persecution to enfold  
The feeble in religion's chaste embrace?

*Ellena.* No, Madam, when the soul approves the dwelling,

When, stung with all the miseries of flesh,

It woos the altar to bestow its peace;

'Tis then, what it was meant, the bless'd asylum

Of broken spirits and distracted minds.

But undesir'd, its sanctions are prophan'd,

And the august and sky-enthroned name

Dishonour'd by the impious mockery.

*Italian Monk, A. 1. Sc. 3.*

---

## REPREHENSION.

FITZHARDING AND BLANCH.

*Fitz.* Look here—

Here is a purse of money.

*Blanch.* O, the father!

What will you give me any?

*Fitz.* Gold I find

The universal key; the *passe par tout*.

It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,

As easy as a politician's. Here;

Here are two pieces, rose-bud. Buy a top-knot;

Make thyself happy with them.

*Blanch.* That I will.

The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,

Lies sick in bed. I'll take her this, poor soul,

To comfort her.

*Fitz.* Hold!—hey the devil!—hold.

This was not meant to comfort an old woman.

*Blanch.* Why, would'nt you relieve her, Sir?

*Fitz.* Um?—yes:—

But—pshaw! pooh, prithee—there's a time for all things.

Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool,—

Of comforting the aged, now?

*Blanch.* I thought

That you might have a fellow-feeling, Sir.

*Fitz.* This little pastoral devil's laughing at me!

Oons! come and kiss me, jade. I am a Soldier,

And Justice of the Peace.

*Blanch.* Then, shame upon you!

Your double calling might have taught you better.

I see your drift, now. Take your dirt again,

*(throws down the money.)*

Good Captain Justice!—Stoop for it,—and think

How an old Soldier, and a Justice looks,

When he is picking up the bribes he offers,

To injure those he should protect;—the helpless,

The poor, and innocent. *Iron Chest, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

SIR GEORGE AND LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD,

FLUTTER, AND MISS OGLE.

*Flut.* Lady Frances, your most obedient; you look—now hang me, if that's not provoking!—had your gown been of another colour, I should have said the prettiest thing you ever heard in your life.



*Miss Ogle.* Pray give it us.

*Flut.* I was yesterday at Mrs. Bloomer's. She was dress'd all in green; no other colour to be seen but that of her face and bosom. So says I, my dear Mrs. Bloomer! you look like a Carnation, just bursting from its pod.

*Sir Geo.* And what said her Husband?

*Flut.* Her Husband! Why, her Husband laugh'd, and said a Cucumber would have been a happier simile.

*Sir Geo.* But there *are* Husbands, Sir, who would rather have corrected than amended your comparison; I, for instance, should consider a man's complimenting my Wife as an impertinence.

*Flut.* Why, what harm can there be in compliments? Sure they are not infectious; and, if they were, you, Sir George, of all people breathing, have reason to be satisfied about your Lady's attachment; every body talks of it: that little Bird there, that she killed out of jealousy, the most extraordinary instance of affection, that ever was given.

*Lady Fran.* I kill a Bird through jealousy!—Heavens! Mr. Flutter, how can you impute such a cruelty to me?

*Sir Geo.* I could have forgiven you, if you had.

*Flut.* Oh, what a blundering Fool!—No, no—now I remember—'twas your Bird, Lady Frances—that's it; your Bullfinch, which Sir George, in one of the refinements of his passion, sent into the wide

world to seek its fortune.—He took it for a Knight in disguise.

*Lady Fran.* Is it possible! O, Sir George, could I have imagin'd it was you who depriv'd me of a creature I was so fond of?

*Sir Geo.* Mr. Flutter, you are one of those busy, idle, meddling people, who, from mere vacuity of mind, are the most dangerous inmates in a family. You have neither feelings nor opinions of your own; but, like a glass in a tavern, bear about those of every Blockhead, who gives you his;—and, because you *mean* no harm, think yourselves excus'd, though broken friendships, discords, and murders, are the consequences of your indiscretions.

*Flut.* (*taking out his Tablets.*) Vacuity of Mind!—What was the next? I'll write down this sermon; 'tis the first I have heard since my Grandmother's funeral.

*Belle's Stratagem, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

---

LAMOTTE AND MADAME.

*Madame.* Then you would aid the Marquis's designs?

*Lamotte.* Would! Nay, I must.

*Madame.* Lamotte, consider first  
Whether that best friend, Conscience, will allow it.

*Lamotte.* I have no time for craven thoughts like these.

A lot like mine needs powerful supporters,

Chance throws them in my way, and would'st thou  
have

A school-boy's terror make me shrink to clasp them?

*Madame.* Chance threw, too, in your way a help-  
less orphan,

You did not snatch her from the ruffian's dagger,

Nor bear her from a most disinatur'd father,

To yield her beauty to the lust of greatness,

And save her life but to destroy her honour.

\* \* \* \* \* I am myself a mother,

I feel the crowding hopes, the anxious fears,

The sorrows, and the transports of a mother!

I were unworthy of that sacred name,

Could I stand by, and see one mother's joy

Basely betray'd to misery and guilt.

*Fountainville Forest, A. 4. Sc. 3.*

#### VANDERCRAB AND VIRTU.

*Vand.* Pray, Sir, may I ask, whether you are an  
Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a kind of a hetero-  
geneous animal?—

*Virtu.* I am afraid, Sir, I had *le malheur*, the mis-  
fortune, to be born in England.

*Vand.* Are you so, Sir? I am afraid you have also  
the misfortune to be a scoundrel; for I never yet  
knew an Englishman ashamed of his country, till his  
country had cause to be ashamed of him.

*New Poetage, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## RESENTMENT.

SIR EDWARD AND MARY.

*Sir Edw.* I wish your father to be rent free. I long to give you an annuity and a coach; take you to town and make you happy.

*Mary.* I doubt, Sir, if that would make me so; and if there are fathers whose necessities press them to seek subsistence by the sale of a daughter's virtue, how noble were it in the wealthy to pity and relieve them?

[*Exit hastily.*]

*Turnpike Gate, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

---

UNDERMINE AND APRIL.

*Und.* What April here—I guess your errand, and am sorry, sir; I cannot continue you as steward.

*April. (aside.)* I your steward! No, that is not my errand. I am a feeble fellow, sliding out of the world; but Greville is a noble fellow rising into it. 'Tis respecting him I come. You must assist him. How is he to live?

*Und. (Sneeringly.)* Oh! his integrity will support him.

*April.* True; but consider what a way you would be in, if you had nothing but your integrity to support you.

*Und.* Sir, I see you only want to trifle with me.

*April.* True; I only want a trifle of you.

*Und.* I am flint.

*April.* Well; but even flint, when properly hit, will send forth warm, vivid sparks.

*Und.* I must leave you. Time presses.

*April.* So do his wants.

*Und.* A nobleman is waiting for me.

*April.* A bailiff is waiting for him.

*Und.* If you proceed, expect some personal insult.

*April.* Throw your purse at me. Come—

*(Takes hold of his coat.)*

*Und.* I shall burst with rage.

*April.* They will famish with hunger.

*Und.* Unhand me, I say. *(Strikes April from him.)*

*April.* What, a blow! *(with subdued irritation.)*

*Und.* Yes; take him that.

*April.* No, no, that you meant for myself, and I'll take it, so you will give something better to poor Greville.

*Und.* I will not.

*April.* *(Shaking him.)* You scoundrel! And do you suppose, that because I would submit to a blow to endeavour to save a friend from ruin, that I want the spirit of a man to resent an indignity. Ask my pardon.

*Und.* Pardon!

*April.* Aye.

*Und.* I do—help! help!

*April.* On your knees, or your last hour is come.

*Und.* Well, I do—I do.

*Secrets Worth Knowing, A. 4. Sc. 2.*



## RETALIATION.

MAJOR CYPRUS AND COL. DOWNRIGHT.

*Maj. Cyp.* Divorces happen now every day—and the favoured lover is the most admired and envied of mortals, while the poor husband becomes an object of general pity.

*Col. Down.* Ay, the husband?

*Maj. Cyp.* Yes, the husband.

*Col. Down.* Ay, and *you* are the husband now.

*Maj. Cyp.* Pshaw! the forsaken husband.

*Col. Down.* You pity him?

*Maj. Cyp.* Certainly.

*Col. Down.* And if he is a tender-hearted man, I suppose he pities you.

*Maj. Cyp.* Ha, ha, ha—Let me describe a scene to you, where poor Sir George's situation must affect the most obdurate heart. Lady Harriet Euston (now Lady Harriet Cyprus) was, when I first became acquainted with her, a very loving wife: (we are friends, Colonel, and I will venture to recount a few anecdotes to you) a very loving wife indeed; and, but for my insinuations—artful insinuations I may call them—had continued her conjugal regard—she had been to this hour an example to wives, if I had not tempted her to stray.

*Col. Down.* Ay, you!—or somebody else.

*Maj. Cyp. (Disturbed.)* Hear me out, Colonel—she was long an example to wives—she was I assure you,

—But to describe to you Sir George's pitiable situation, and what was chiefly the cause of the divorce—One evening we had prolonged the *tête à tête* rather beyond the usual time; when, unexpectedly, Sir George and a party of beaux and belles were rushing up stairs,—“Dear Major,” cried my wife—

*Col. Down.* Your wife?—Sir George's you mean.

*Maj. Cyp.* Yes, Sir George's *then*——but my wife *now*.

*Col. Down.* Ay, ay, and I most sincerely give you joy! (*Ironically.*)

*Maj. Cyp.* Pshaw, you put me out—“Dear Major,” cried my wife:—or Sir George's! if you will have it so—“What will become of us,” (for Sir George had given us some little proofs of his jealousy) “what will become of us!” exclaimed the then Lady Harriet Euston—“Put me into your thimble, into the eye of your needle, madam,” said I—Instead of which, cramm'd I was into that closet.

*Col. Down.* That closet!

*Maj. Cyp.* That very identical closet, which you see there—for Sir George never loved the house after, and so settled it on her Ladyship—Screwed up in that closet, I believe I remained ten minutes; when old Lady Downfall, who was of the party, called for drops, the door was opened,—and out dropt your humble servant.

*Col. Down.* Zounds, it was enough to make you wish yourself—

*Maj. Cyp.* Nay, it was Sir George's place to wish

himself away. Every beau in the room was round me in a moment; and, whispering, "Give you joy, Major"—"The happiest man in the world"—"An Alexander"—"A conqueror every where."—Even old Sir Samson Sinews shook his head, and wished to be in my place.

*Col. Down.* Zounds I would have thrust him into the closet, and kept him there for a month. But what did the husband say all this time?

*Maj. Cyp.* That is what I was going to tell you—What did he say? Why, he said nothing. You may depend upon it, he heard and saw all the half-stifled laughs, and was wise enough to know to whom they were directed—so poor fellow he turned pale—bit his lips—looked at her Ladyship—looked at me—looked at his sword—and then cried "Heigh ho!"

*Col. Down.* Heigh ho!—And what the deuce did you say?

*Maj. Cyp.* What do you think, I said? Egad, I was a little confused.

*Col. Down.* Confused!

*Maj. Cyp.* And do you know I said—Faith it was an odd speech, and has been laughed at since in a thousand fashionable circles—the conclusion of it has been particularly marked.—"Dear Sir George," said I—He was standing where you may be (here, a little more this way) and I just where I am at present—"Dear Sir George," said I (half stifling a laugh, for by my soul I could not help it, though I pitied the poor devil too) "Dear Sir George," said I,

"I'll tell you what—you will find *nobody* to blame in this affair—I protest my being in that closet was entirely owing to—I'll tell you what—In short, to an—an *undescribable something*"—There I made a full stop.

*Col. Down.* "An undescribable something."

*Maj. Cyp.* 'Tis true upon my soul; those were the very words.

*Col. Down.* Owing to an "Undescribable something," and "I'll tell you what," that I got into this closet: and so I suppose the next day Sir George left both his wife and the closet, and you have ever since held possession.

*Maj. Cyp.* After some other explanations, and regular proceedings, I became the happy husband he was never formed to be.

*Col. Down.* But I hope you keep the key of the closet.

*Maj. Cyp.* You will have your joke, Colonel.

\* \* \* \* \*

MAJOR CYPRUS, MR. A. EUSTON, COL. DOWN-  
RIGHT, and SIR GEORGE EUSTON, con-  
ceded in a Closet.

*Maj. Cyp.* Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Euston, and you also Mr. Anthony, that your present visit—

*Mr. Ant.* We understand you, Sir—only assure us that Sir George Euston is safe, and we'll leave your house immediately.

*Maj. Cyp.* I assure you that Sir George Euston is safe!

*Mr. Ant.* You seem surprised—Let me then speak a word with Lady Harriet, whom the servants tell me is at home. Is she or not?

*Maj. Cyp. (To a servant without.)* Desire your Lady to come hither.—But have a care, gentlemen, how far you provoke me by your suspicions! For, by Heaven—

*Mr. Ant.* I have no fears but for Sir George, nor will now your utmost rage induce me to quit the house till I am assured of his safety.

*Maj. Cyp.* And pray, Sir, *who* in this house is to assure you of it?—

*Sir Geo. (Bursting from the closet.)* Himself!—

*Maj. Cyp.* Confusion!

*Mr. Ant.* You see, Sir, my intelligence was good.—

*Sir Geo.* Strange as my concealment may appear, the cause was such as I can with honour reveal.

*Maj. Cyp.* Then, pray Sir, with “honour reveal it.”

*Sir Geo.* Why then, I assure you, Major—and I assure you all—upon my honour—and on the word of a gentleman—that my being here—was—entirely—owing—to—to

*Maj. Cyp. (Warmly.)*—To what?—To what, Sir?

*Col. Down.* “I’ll tell you what”—to “an undescribable something”—to be sure!

*Maj. Cyp.* Damnation!

*Col. Down.* Did not I tell you to keep the *key* of the closet?—

*I ll Tell You What, A. 1. Sc. 3. and A. 5. Sc. 3.*



LAMP *with a Violin*, EPHRAIM, ROVER, &c.

Lamp. Now, if agreeable to your Ladyship, we'll go over your song.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lamp begins to play. Ephraim jostles him, and puts him out of tune.

Lamp. Why, what's that for, my dear sir?

Eph. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I've as much right to move my elbow, as thou hast to move thine. (*Rover pushes him.*) Why dost thou so friend?

Rover. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I have as much right to move my elbow, as thou hast to move thine. (*mimicking, shoves Ephraim out.*)

Wild Oats, A. 4. Sc. 1.

MISS HERBERT AND WINGROVE.

Miss Her. Take care, Mr. Wingrove—take care—there is nothing so tempting, I admit you, as those pretty words that fall gracefully in to close the procession of an ambitious sentence; but let me ask you plainly, Sir, Whether, if your father should now, even now, lay his commands upon you to relinquish the passion with which you affect to regard me, you would not instantly obey him, and leave me forsaken and forlorn, to transfer your obedient ardours to any new lady of his choice?

Win. 'Tis true, I feel the most sincere respect for

my father; yet had he thought proper to interpose his influence in a case where nature claims a paramount authority, I had renounced a submission which I should have held to have been unjustly exacted.

*Miss Her.* Are you sure of it?

*Win.* Quite sure.

*Miss Her.* Dear Mr. Wingrove! (*Taking his hand.*)

*Win.* (*Kissing it.*) My lovely, my adorable Harriet!—Sure of it! am I sure of my existence? Am I sure of your being the most lovely of your own sex—or I the happiest of mine (*Kisses her hand.*) Am I sure that we shall never exchange another harsh word, or another unkind look? Am I sure—

*Miss Her.* Nay, now, sir, you are fairly caught.

*Win.* Hey-day! What frolic is in the wind now.

*Miss Her.* If all this be true, Mr. Wingrove, tell me, Sir, what it is that constitutes the offence of your sister? Why is she driven out a disgraced wanderer to encounter all the unknown hazards of a merciless world, when one of her persecutors not only acknowledges that he shares in all her guilt—if guilt it be—but glories in the sympathy he feels in her disobedience, because he considers it as a just tribute to the object of his affections, and a proof of his independence.

*Fugitive, A. 4. Sc. 3.*

## REVENGE.

ADELAIDE TO RICHARD.

But who shall judge  
When our revenge is just?—Not the swoll'n bosom  
Inflam'd by recent injury.—Revenge  
Alone is just when in impartial hands;  
But there are situations which disarm  
Even Justice of her sword—No private wrong  
Should cancel duties that we owe our country;  
No insult arm a son against his father.

*Adelaide, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

## ROBBERY (FASHIONABLE.)

MRS. MORTIMER TO DELVILLE.

— Ay, thus it ever is: the poor wretch who  
steals a purse the law condemns to death; but the ex-  
alted robber, who purloins a wife, and cowardly  
assassinates a husband's peace, pays a small penalty;  
which, in the modish circle of his friends, adds to  
his fashion, and establishes his fame!

*Laugh When You Can, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## SARCASMS.

ROSTRUM, UNDERMINE, &amp;c.

*Und.* Egerton, her husband! Did not I order you to marry her? Did not I bid—

*Ref.* You bid, sir, but honour bid more.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Und.* At the auctioneer again. Zounds! you are so fond of it, I dare say you would sell me.

*Ref.* Sir, I would knock you down with all the pleasure in life. *Secrets Worth Knowing, A. 5. Sc. 3.*

SIR GEORGE, CLARA, &amp;c.

*Sir G.* —I never laugh but at my own wit.

*Clara.* Do you? then you laugh very seldom, I believe.

*Sir G.* No—very often: for I take the joke, though nobody else does, ha! ha!

*Rags, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

DASHALL, CAUSTIC, &amp;c.

*Dash.* Riches give wit—elegance.

*Caust.* Do they? I'm sorry you're so poor.

*Dash.* Eh! what! oh neat enough! and what do you say riches give, queer one?

*Caust.* Generally, vulgar impertinence.

*Dash.* I congratulate you on being so rich, ha, ha!

*Way to Get Married, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## OLD RAPID AND VORTEX.

*O. Rap.* Dam'me, there's the son of a taylor for you!

*Vor.* What, a taylor?

*O. Rap.* Yes; and let me tell you, that one guinea honestly gotten by blood drawn from the finger, is sweeter than a million obtained by blood drawn from the heart!

*Cure for the Heart Ache, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

## LORD SCRATCH AND ENNUI.

*Ld. S. (rising)* Why, look'ye you impostor!—you—didn't you come here to pay your addressee to this lady? and wasn't I to bring you into parliament for your quiet silent disposition?

*Ennu.* (*pushing him out of his way.*) Hold your tongue!—out of the way, Scratch—out of the way, or I'll do you a mischief—I will, damn me!—Zounds!—a'nt I at the top of the beau monde? and don't I set the fashions? if I was to cut off my head wouldn't half the town do the same?—they would, damn me!—I get sleepy again!—yaw—aw (*aside*)

*Ld. S.* Here now! here's a Mandarin member!—why he'd have bred a civil war;—made ten long speeches in a day!—cut your head off indeed; curse me but I wish you would—you must be silent then—you couldn't talk without a head, could you?

*Ennu.* Yes, in Parliament—as well without a head as with one—do you think a man wants a head for a long speech, damn me!—

*Dramatist, A. 2. Sc. 1.*



## SCANDAL.

WALSINGHAM AND MISS CHATTERALL.

*Miss C.* Oh! Lord, Mr. Walsingham—*Wal.* Oh! Lord, Miss Chatterall!*Miss C.* I've got such a story to tell you!*Wal.* "A story to tell?"—I dare say you have.*Miss C.* Do you know Miss Bloomly?*Wal.* Only by character.*Miss C.* Then you know the worst of her, for her character's monstrous shocking, that's the truth on't. But would you believe it, she's crooked! How comical, an't it?*Wal.* Crooked? Impossible.*Miss C.* Oh! but I assure you it's true, for her most intimate friend told me so just now with her own mouth.*Wal.* Her friend!—a pretty sort of a friend, by my honour! Before I'd have such friends —*Miss C.* Nay, but Mr. Walsingham, there was no harm in telling it to *me*, for she knew very well it would go no further.*Wal.* Did she? Then I pronounce her a most learned lady, for she knows what no other person in London does, man, woman, or child.*Miss C.* Well, but now don't repeat this story, I beg, for nobody else knows it; and I only mean to tell it to Lady Clara, and a few particular friends, under a profound promise of secrecy.

*Wal.* There you are quite right, for whenever you wish a malicious report to circulate, you should always relate it as an inviolable secret--People of fashion hear so much scandal daily, that one's own particular lie is frequently huddled in the crowd, and perhaps totally forgotten; but tell a fine lady a scandalous anecdote under a promise of secrecy, and I'll be bound that she pops it out within five minutes after.

*East Indian, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

---

## SENSIBILITY.

TRUEPENNY AND SIR MATTHEW.

*Tr.* I see the ladies in the next room, I'll go and acquaint them with all that relates to Frederick's vindication, while you tell the story to Sir Matthew.

*Sir M.* Nay, but you needn't go--don't be in a hurry—I—

*Tr.* But I *am* in a hurry, and I *will* be in a hurry—when a story is to be told to the disadvantage of a fellow creature, *calumny* is swift as lightening, what then should be the speed of a friend who has the delightful power of rescuing from unmerited imputation, a worthy character, and placing the virtues of an honest man far from the reach of scandalous detraction.

*Five Thousand a Year, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

## TRUDGE AND WOWSKI.

*Trudge.* But suppose you meet an old shabby friend in misfortune, that you don't wish to be seen to speak to—what wou'd you do?

*Wowf.* Look blind—not see him.

*Trudge.* Why wou'd you do that?

*Wowf.* 'Cause I can't see good friend in distress:

*Trudge.* That's a good girl! and I wish every body could boast of so kind a motive for such cursed cruel behaviour.

*Inkle and Yarico, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

SADI TO KILMALLOCK. (*Who offers him money*)

Why look ye, Christian—It pleased Mahomet, and my father, when they made me, to make me a Moor—my mother was an humble vassal here, coop'd up for life, like an old hen, in the castle; and they found me one morning, hatch'd in Bulcazin's house, a new bit of his live property. I was brought up from the shell, to the business I am put upon. It may not, haply, hit my humour to crow over the captives:—but if ever I take wing, and fly from the ground of my duty, trust me, Christian, I shan't be tempted to it with the scanty grains thrown in my way by the necessities of the unfortunate. Put up your money, Christian.

*Mountaineers, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## ZORAYDA TO VIROLET.

Sooth, I am weary now—Yet I could on—  
 And yet I could not—Shall I tell thee love;—  
 I could not leave this honest wench behind,  
 And sleep in quiet. She is humble born;  
 But trust me, Christian, I do see no cause  
 Why I should blush in feeling for the lowly.  
 (The peasant, pining on his bed of straw,  
 Should draw as warm a tear from melting pity,  
 As when a monarch suffers. *Mountaintops*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

## DUKE AND AMANTHIS.

*Duke.* Hear me, Madam—I have listened to you  
 some time with patience, but now I can bear no  
 more—the sentiments you entertain for the Marquis  
 are criminal, unless he were your husband.

*Aman.* And cannot he be so? what prevents it?

*Duke.* His noble birth, and your mean one.

*Aman.* My poor father was a gentleman, and the  
 Marquis lov'd him.

*Duke.* He now, if living, is an exile, and would  
 disgrace our family.

*Aman.* I thought not—he was unfortunate; but  
 the Marquis ever taught me to respect and reverence  
 misfortune.

*Duke.* The Marquis taught a doctrine of his own—

I disapprove his marriage with you; and I have ever been considered as his father.

*Aman.* I know it, and for a name so tender, I feel every affection and veneration—but surely if my Lord loved me, if his happiness depended on my being his wife, a father could not refuse to give his consent?

*Duke.* Do not flatter yourself with any hope—— you were not born for each other; and therefore *conceal* from him the affection you have betrayed to me, and he, in time, will conquer his.

*Aman.* No—in the face of Heaven and you, I here make a vow—(*kneeling*)—I never will, never *can* conceal from him one emotion of my fluttering heart—that heart which he, and only he has taught to beat with truth, with sensibility, with honesty—with love.

*Child of Nature, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

## SENSIBILITY AND APATHY CONTRASTED.

MR. AND MRS. PLACID.

*Mrs. P.* Our old acquaintance, Captain Irwin, and Lady Eleanor, his wife (with whom we lived upon very intimate terms, to be sure, while we were in America) are returned to London; and I find you have visited them very frequently.

*Pla.* Not above two or three times, upon my



word ; for it hurts me to see them in distress, and I forbear to go.

*Mrs. P.* There! You own they are in distress ; I expected as much. Now, own to me that they have asked you to lend them money.

*Pla.* I do own it—I do own it. Now, are you satisfied?

*Mrs. P.* No, for I have no doubt but you have promised they shall have it.

*Pla.* No, upon my word, I have not promised.

*Mrs. P.* Then promise me they shall not.

*Pla.* Nay, my dear, you have no idea of their distress!

*Mrs. P.* Yes, I have; and 'tis that which makes me suspicious.

*Pla.* His regiment is now broken ; all her jewels and little bawbles are disposed of; he is in such dread of his old creditors, that in the lodging they have taken, he passes by the name of Middleton—They have three more children, my dear, than when we left them in New England; and they have in vain sent repeated supplications, both to his uncle, and her father, for the smallest bounty.

*Mrs. P.* And is not Lord Norland, her father, a remarkable wise man? and a good man? And ought you to do for them, what he has refused?

*Pla.* They have offended him, but they never have offended me.

*Mrs. P.* I think, 'tis an offence to ask a friend for money, when there is no certainty of returning it.

*Plä.* By no means: for if there ~~were~~ a certainty, even an enemy might lend.

*Every One has His Fault*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

---

LORD NORLAND AND HARMONY.

*Ld. Nor.* I tell you, Mr. Harmony, that if an indifferent person, one on whom I had never bestowed a favour in my life, were to offend me, it is in my nature never to forgive. Can I then forgive my own daughter, my only child, on whom I heaped continually marks of the most affectionate fondness? Shall she dare to offend me in the tenderest point, and you dare to suppose I will pardon her?

*Har.* Your child, consider.

*Ld. Nor.* The weakest argument you can use. As my child, was she not most bound to obey me? As my child, ought she not to have sacrificed her own happiness to mine? instead of which, mine has been yielded up for a whim, a fancy, a fancy to marry a beggar; and as such is her choice, let her beg with him.

\* \* \* \*

*Har.* Now then, my Lord, let us pass from those who have forfeited your love, to those who possess it.—I heard some time ago, but I never presumed to mention it to you, that you had adopted a young man as your son?

*Ld. Nor.* "A young man!" Pshaw!—No! a boy,—a mere child, who fell in my way by accident.

*Har.* A chance child! Ho! ho! I understand you.

*Ld Nor.* Do not jest with me, Sir. Do I look—

*Har.* Yes, you look as if you would be ashamed to own it, if you had one.

*Ld Nor.* But this boy I am not ashamed of:—he is a favourite,—rather a favourite.—I did not like him so well at first;—but custom—and having a poor creature entirely at one's mercy, one begins to love it merely from the idea of—What would be its fate if one did not?

*Har.* Is he an orphan, then?

*Ld Nor.* No.

*Har.* You have a friendship for his parents?

*Ld Nor.* I never saw the father: his mother I had a friendship for once.

[*Sighing.*

*Har.* Ay, while the husband was away?

*Ld Nor.* I tell you, no, [*violently*]—But ask no more questions. Who his parents are, is a secret, which neither he, nor any one (that is now living) knows, except myself; nor ever shall.

*Har.* Well, my Lord, since 'tis your pleasure to consider him as your child, I sincerely wish you may experience more duty from him, than you have done from your daughter.

*Ld Nor.* Thank Heaven, his disposition is not in the least like her's.—No; [*very much impassioned*] I have the joy to say, that never child was so unlike its mother.

*Har. Starting.* How! His mother!

*Ld Nor.* Confusion ! — what have I said ? — I am ashamed —

*Har.* No — be proud.

*Ld Nor.* Of what ?

*Har.* That you have a lawful heir to all your riches ; proud, that you have a grandson.

*Ld Nor.* I would have concealed it from all the world ; I wish it even unknown to myself. And let me tell you, Sir, (as not by my design, but through my inadvertency, you are become acquainted with this secret) that, if ever you breathe it to a single creature, the boy shall answer for it ; for, were he known to be her's, though he were dearer to me than ever *she* was, I would turn him from my house, and cast him from my heart, as I have done her.

\* \* \* \*

*Har.* — Will you satisfy my curiosity, in what manner you sought and found him out ?

*Ld Nor.* Do you suppose I searched for him ? No ; — he was forced upon me. A woman followed me, about eight years ago, in the fields adjoining to my country seat, with a half-starved boy in her hand, and asked my charity for my grand-child : the impression of the word made me turn round involuntarily ; and casting my eyes upon him, I was rejoiced, not to find a feature of his mother's in all his face ; and I began to feel something like pity for him. In short, he caught such fast hold by one of my fingers, that I asked him carelessly “ if he would

go home and live with me?" On which, he answered me so willingly "Yes," I took him at his word.

*Every One has his Fault, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

---

GOVERNOR AND GREY.

*Grey.* About a twelvemonth ago, during a little absence of mine, a young man of fashion introduced himself into my house; and, my wife being void of suspicion, and the dear girl uninstructed in the ways of this bad world——

*Gov.* The dog betrayed her!—And is this your care?

\* \* \* \*

Od! I am strangely tempted to have you strangled this moment, as a just reward for your negligence; and so bury the secret with you.

*Grey.* It is as effectually buried already, Sir—I love the dear unhappy girl too well, ever to tell her Heaven gave to her such a father.

*Gov.* Yes, yes; you are better suited to the—I hope she pays for this severely!—You make her stand in a white sheet, to be pointed at by the whole village every Sunday, to be sure?

*Grey.* Alas, Sir! She put it out of my power even to forgive her——

*Gov.* Forgive her! forgive her, truly!

*Grey.* By flying immediately from her only friend, —Infirm and poor, I struggled with the joint-evils till now; when, having collected enough to support



me, I walked up in search of her ;—it was only yesterday I discovered her in a splendid coach, which I traced to her house.

Gov. A *house* ? I shall run mad entirely—A *coach* ?

\* \* \* \* \*

By Heaven, I abjure the audacious little wretch for ever ! and will sooner return to India and bury my gold with those from whom it was taken, than bestow a single shilling on her, when she loses her *coach* and her *house* !

Grey. (*contemptuously*) And I will sooner want a shilling, than suffer her to waste her youth in a state which will render her age an insupportable burthen !—Fear not, sir, ever seeing *her* or *me* again ; for the bosom which reared, will joyfully receive her, nor farther embitter her remaining days with the knowledge she was born the equal of her undoer ; and deprived herself of all those blessings Heaven only *bid*, never *denied* her. *Chapter of Accidents, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

---

## SEVERITY. (PARENTAL)

### CONSTANTIA TO FRACIOSO.

Dear papa, you do not, indeed you do not pursue the right method to secure my duty, or your own peace. Would parents treat their children as friends, instead of keeping them at a severe distance, the social communication of each other's sentiments,

would enable one party to give better advice, and induce the other more readily to accept it.

*Mysteries of the Castle, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

## SIMPLICITY.

MARQUIS AND AMANTHIS.

*Aman.* It was only about a week ago, as I was sitting by the little bower near to the garden wall, suddenly I heard an unknown voice call me by my name—it seemed to come from the air—I looked up, and beheld a young man upon the wall.—The moment I recovered from the fright, I asked him what he wanted—he said he came “to look at me”—but that appeared so strange, I could not think it true—and then he gazed on me so wildly, I ran away and hid myself,—on which he drew a letter from his pocket, and threw it after me—I would not take it up till he was gone—then I caught it, and flew to my apartments, pleased beyond expression.

*Marq.* Wherefore?

*Aman.* That I had escaped him.

*Marq. (aside.)* Who could it be! Ah! I have a suspicion—Where is the letter?

*Aman.* Here—I do not understand it—perhaps you may. [Gives the letter.]

*Marq. (Reading)* “Know, beautiful Amantis, “there is no retreat, however hidden, into which love

"cannot penetrate.—The hope of beholding you has made me brave all dangers.—If you will but kindly pity a passion, pure as it is ardent, it shall soon inspire me with the means to release you from the tyranny of that barbarian, who keeps you secluded from every joy that's waiting to attend you in a gay world. Conceal this adventure from the jealous tyrant, and reflect, that the most tender lover waits impatiently for the happy moment to prove himself your deliverer." (*returning the letter*) And what do you think of this letter?

*Aman.* That the poor man is mad—and yet it is a kind of madness I never heard of before. (*reading part of the letter*) "There is no retreat into which love cannot penetrate."—What does he mean by love? he has left out a word—there is—*love of virtue*—*love of duty*—but love all alone by itself, means nothing at all.—Then again, (*reading*) "Conceal this adventure from the jealous tyrant."—What does he mean by tyrant?

*Marq.* He means me.

*Aman.* You? I never should have supposed it—perhaps you know also what he means by a "lover." He says, "the most tender lover."—Read, and tell me what he means by a tender lover. Ah! you laugh—you are puzzled—you don't know yourself what a "lover" is.

*Marq.* Indeed I cannot undertake to be his interpreter. But tell me, Amanthis, if by chance you

should see this young man again, do you think you should know him?

*Aman.* Yes, I am *sure* I should.

*Marq.* His person then made an impression on your mind?—I suppose it was agreeable?

*Aman.* Very agreeable indeed—and yet there appeared a—a—kind of (*describing passionate ardour*) a wildness in his looks that frightened me.

*Marq.* But suppose that wildness was removed, how would you like him then?

*Aman.* Oh, very much! *extremely!*

*Child of Nature, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

SHARPSET AND GANGICA.

*Sharp.* ——— Pray, my dear, have you left your heart in India?

*Gang.* No—my heart in de right place. (*pointing to it*)

*Sharp.* I'll answer for that—'Tis in the right place I am sure. But you have not resolved never to love any body?

*Gang.* No—I love great many.

*Sharp.* The deuce you do!

*Gang.* Yes; my young lady I love dearly, dearly. And I love every body dat love her.

*Sharp.* Oh, is that all? But all your love seems to belong to your lady. Can't you love a little on your own account?

*Gang.* What you say?

*Sharp.* Why, you have not made a vow to die a maid?

*Gang.* I never make vows—it is wicked.

*Sharp.* Very well—why then, if I were to be very fond of you—

*Gang.* Yes.

*Sharp.* Would you be fond of me?

*Gang.* I not know.

*Sharp.* Why not?

*Gang.* Because, tho' your face white and pretty, I not know if your mind so.

*Sharp.* Why, that's true, my love—But you may take my word for it.

*Gang.* No, no—not take man's word when he praise himself.

*Sharp.* Well, how are you to know?

*Gang.* Why, in great, long time—if I find you do all good—not one bit of bad.

*Notary of Wealib, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

---

## SINCERITY.

WILFORD AND RAWBOLD.

*Wilf.* Ah, Barbara, good wench! how fares it with you?

*Raw.* Look on her well—then consult your own conscience. 'Tis difficult, haply, for a secretary to find one. You are a villain.

*Wilf.* You lie.—Hold, I crave pardon. You are her father. She is innocent, and you are unhappy!



I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one or insult the other.

*Raw.* Sdeath! why meet my daughter in the forest?

*Wilf.* Because I love her.

*Raw.* And would ruin her.

*Wilf.* That's a strange way of shewing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams: now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

*Raw.* Would'st not poison her mind?

*Wilf.* 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Look ye, Gilbert; Her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil, here, of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty:—I would fain cheer it with the little sun-shine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor like her's; Should occasion serve, I might, haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To offer aught else would affect her, you, and myself; and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time.

*Iron Chest, A. i. Sc. 1.*

*JOANNA in men's cloaths, and CHEVERIL at a distance.*

*Joan.* Whither shall I run?—Where shall I hide?  
How fly the pursuits of wicked men, and wo-

men still more depraved? I have neither house, home, nor friend on earth; and the fortitude that can patiently endure is my only resource. What then?—Have I not escaped the dens of vice?—Oh happiness!—I have!—And rather than venture in them again, welcome hunger, welcome cold, welcome the bare ground, the biting air, and the society of brute beasts.

*Chev. (Advancing)* What can that youth want? Why is he watching here? *(walks round Joanna.)*

*Joan.* As I live the young gentleman I saw this morning! What reason can he have for being in this place?

*Chev.* He eyes me with curiosity.

*Joan.* His intentions seemed good, for he first warned me against that wicked woman.

*Chev.* Who can say, he may know her? He is a smart, handsome, dapper fellow: I don't like him.

*Joan.* I am not now confined by walls and bolts;—there can be no danger.—I'll speak.—Pray fir—

*Chev. (Abruptly)* Well, fir?

*Joan.* Have you seen a young person—?

*Chev. (Eagerly)* A lady—

*Joan.* Yes.

*Chev. (Rapidly)* With blue eyes, auburn hair, aquiline nose, ivory teeth, carnation lips, ravishing mouth, enchanting neck, a form divine, and an angel face?

*Joan.* Have you seen her?

*Chev.* Are you acquainted with that lady?

*Joan.* I am acquainted with a lady, but not an angel.

*Chew.* Ah! then it is not her. (*jealous*) Perhaps you are her—her lover?

*Joan.* Humph—I—I love her.

*Chew.* You do! (*aside*.) I'll be the death of him!—And she loves you?

*Joan.* Why—Yes.

*Chew.* (*aside*.) I'll put an end to him!—Are you married?

*Joan.* No.

*Chew.* You—you mean to marry her?

*Joan.* No.

*Chew.* Is she then lost to virtue?

*Joan.* Who dare suppose it?

*Chew.* Ay! who dare? I'll cut the villain's throat that dares!

*Joan.* She has endured insult, constraint, and violence; but not guilt.

*Chew.* Guilt? No; not wilful guilt: impossible! But then—Is she safe? Is she safe?

*Joan.* Disowned by her family, exposed to the snares of vice, houseless, hopeless, not daring to approach the wicked haunts of men, she wanders forlorn and desolate, willing to suffer, disdaining to complain.

*Chew.* Tell me where! I will rescue, defend, protect, cherish, love, adore, die for her!

*Joan.* Is your heart pure? Have you no selfish dishonest purposes?

*Chew.* How came you to imagine, fir, that any man durst couple her and dishonesty, even in a thought?

*Joan.* Meet me here to-morrow at ten.

*Chew.* You!

*Joan.* You shall see her.

*Chew.* See her! Shall I?

*Joan.* You shall.

*Chew.* My dear friend! (*catches her in his arms*) I'll make your fortune!—At nine?

*Joan.* Ten.

*Chew.* Could not I see her to-night?

*Joan.* To-morrow Joanna will meet you.

*Chew.* Joanna? Is that her dear name?

*Joanna.* It is.

*Chew.* Delightful sound! The sweet Joanna! The divine Joanna! My heart's best blood is not so precious as Joanna! *Deserted Daughter, A. 5. Sc. 3.*

---

## SINGULARITY.

### NOMINAL AND CLAIRVILLE.

*Nom.* I like abuse, and I'll tell you why—It brings one into notice; and if somebody does'nt cut me up, I mean to do it myself.

*Clair.* How! abuse yourself!

*Nom.* Certainly—for, if I don't let people know what a singular, absurd, useless sort of fellow I am,

how will they find it out? Silence sinks you into obscurity, my boy; and for my part, I'd rather be laughed at for standing in the pillory, than not noticed at all.

*Clair.* Well; this is the strangest system! What, you want to get a name, I suppose?

*Nom.* I do; and Heaven be praised, 'tis easier now to be obtained than in days of yore. Then conquest, patriotism and virtue were the only paths to fame; but now-a-days, eccentricity, impudence and dissipation settle the business. *Notority*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

---

## SOPHISTRY.

MONROSE. (*Solus.*)

Why ay! Success, fortune, and Aurelia shall be mine! As for fame, give me but wealth, and that will come unasked. And yet my cursed querulous conscience takes part with my sister, and upbraids me for being an impostor. Absurd! Who are not impostors? Is any man the thing he seems? And, if feign we must, is it not better to feign something that the world respects, than something that it despises? The son of a curate, I have dashed into life, met variety of adventures, visited the Continent, and assumed the airs of a foreign Count. I have certainly disgraced myself; but the world does not think so. Who would shew his naked face when a mask is so pleasant, so profitable, and so easily put on? My



father gave me education, Nature gave me desires, and I have given myself a title. Why not? If I am not a lord, it seems I ought to have been. I find no difficulty in being as extravagant as a lord, as proud as a lord, as idle as a lord, and as impudent as a lord. I could game like a lord, be duped like a lord, run in debt like a lord, and never pay, as naturally as if I had been born a lord. Let lords look to it, then, and reform. Let them be as superior to the poor in virtue, as they are in power, and I will blush for being an impostor.

*Knowe or Not?* A. 2. Sc. 10.

## SOCIETY. (PRESENT STATE OF)

SIR GEORGE, LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD,

MRS. RACKET, AND MISS OGLE.

*Lady F.* Adieu! my love!—We shall meet again at dinner. (*Going.*)

*Sir Geo.* Sure, I am in a dream! Fanny!

*Lady F. (returning)* Sir George?

*Sir Geo.* Will you go without me?

*Mrs. R.* Will you go without me!—ha! ha! ha! what a pathetic address! Why, sure you would not always be seen side by side, like two beans upon a stalk. Are you afraid to trust Lady Frances with me, sir?

*Sir Geo.* Heaven and eart! with whom can a man trust his wife, in the present state of society? For-

merly there were distinctions of character amongst ye: every class of females had its particular description; Grandmothers were pious, Aunts, discreet, Old Maids, censorious! but now, aunts, grandmothers, girls, and maiden gentlewomen, are all the same creature;—a wrinkle more or less is the sole difference between ye.

*Mrs. R.* That Maiden Gentlewomen have lost their censoriousness, is surely not in your catalogue of grievances.

*Sir Geo.* Indeed it is—and ranked amongst the most serious grievances—Things went well, Madam, when the tongues of three or four old Virgins kept all the Wives and Daughters of a parish in awe. They were the dragons that guarded the Hesperian fruit; and I wonder they have not been oblig'd, by act of parliament, to resume their function.

*Mrs. R.* Ha! ha! ha! and pension'd, I suppose, for making strict enquiries into the lives and conversations of their neighbours.

*Sir Geo.* With all my heart, and impowered to oblige every woman to conform her conduct to her real situation. You, for instance, are a Widow; your air should be sedate, your dress grave, your deportment matronly; and in all things, an example to the young women growing up about you!—instead of which, you are dress'd for conquest, think of nothing but ensnaring hearts; are a Coquette, a Wit, and a Fine Lady.

*Mrs. R.* Bear witness to what he says! A Coquette! a Wit! and a fine Lady! Who would have expected an eulogy from such an ill-natur'd mortal!—Valour to a Soldier, Wisdom to a Judge, or Glory to a Prince, is not more than such a character to a Woman.

*Miss Og.* Sir George, I see, languishes for the society of a century and a half ago; when a grave Squire, and a still graver Dame, surrounded by a sober family, form'd a stiff groupe in a mouldy old house in the corner of a Park.

*Mrs. Rack.* Delightful serenity! Undisturb'd by any noise but the cawing of rooks, and the quarterly rumbling of an old family-coach on a state-visit; with the happy intervention of a friendly call from the Parish Apothecary, or the Curate's Wife.

*Sir Geo.* And what is the society of which you boast?—a meer chaos, in which all distinction of rank is lost in a ridiculous affectation of ease, and every different order of beings huddled together, as they were before the creation. In the same *select party*, you will often find the wife of a Bishop and a Sharp-er, of an Earl and a Fidler. In short, 'tis one universal masquerade, all disguised in the same habits and manners.

*Belle's Stratagem, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## SPLEEN.

LADY CLARA AND MRS. ORMOND.

*Lady C.* My dear Mrs. Ormond, I've just hurried hither for one instant!—Why, they tell me you've been indisposed. You look charmingly, however: but you cruel creature, why did not you let me know you were ill?

*Mrs. O.* Knowing your exquisite sensibility, Lady Clara, surely it had been barbarous in me to torture your nerves by a recital of my sufferings.

*Lady C.* Oh! fye, fye! when the delicate attentions of friendship can alleviate—I protest, Mrs. Ormond, you've got a mighty pretty house here.

*Mrs. O.* Tolerable. Mr. Rivers insisted upon my removing hither immediately, and therefore things are not quite——

*Lady C.* Mr. Rivers! Dear, that puts me in mind—I want to talk to you about him. Do you know, he put the drollest trick upon me this morning.—

*Mrs. O.* (*archly.*) So he did upon me; but you were too cunning for him: I, poor innocent, was completely the dupe of his feigned distresses; but upon you, he tells me, they made not the slightest impressions.

*Lady C.* Ha, ha, ha! no more they did—Ha, ha, ha!—(*aside*) Spiteful thing, how I hate her!—But, my dear Mrs. Ormond, you—you relieved him then——

*Mrs. O.* Oh! the relief in *my* power to afford him, was very moderate; and in truth our exchange of presents bore no proportion to one another. I had nothing to bestow on him but a very trifle and a dish of tea, and he repaid me with notes of not less than a thousand pounds.

*Lady C.* Mercy on me! thousand pounds for a dish of tea? How unlucky it was that I had just sent away the chocolate!

*East Indian, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

---

## STUDY.

FITZHARDING (*Solus.*)

A book to me's a sovereign Narcotick;  
 A lump of opium; every line a dose.  
 Edward is all deep reading, and black letter;  
 He shews it in his very chin. He speaks  
 Mere Dictionary; and he pores on pages  
 That give plain men the head-ache. "Scarce and  
     curious,"  
 Are baits his learning nibbles at. His brain  
 Is cramm'd with mouldy volumes, cramp't and use-  
     less,  
 Like a librarian's lumber-room.

*Iron Chest, A. 2. Sc. 1.*



## SUICIDE (PREVENTED.)

FAULKNER AND JULIA.

*Faulk.* In this world we can cherish no hope of happiness.

*Jul.* But in the next, my father——

*Faulk.* True, girl, then the sooner we are there the better.

*Julia.* Sir?

*Faulk.* 'Tis in our power, Julia, to expedite our happiness.

*Julia.* What means my father?

*Faulk.* Now, heart-strings hold awhile! collect the exalted resolution of thy soul, and mark. Out of the wreck of fortune, I have preserved something, my child, to free us from poverty, from dishonour, and to give us everlasting peace.

*Julia.* Blest tidings!

*Faulk.* Behold! (*taking from each pocket a pistol, and presenting one to Julia*)

*Jul.* Horror!

*Faulk.* Ha! hast thou not by miracle escaped dishonour? and is not thus to live, to meet perdition?

*Jul.* Is not thus to die, to meet perdition?

*Faulk.* It is too late for thought. Here—Ah, dost thou shrink?

*Jul.* Suicide! my soul sickens at the thought.

*Faulk.* Then live, base girl, and see thy father die. Live till scorn shall point at thee, and, mocking, cry,

" behold the violated daughter of the villain Faulkner!"

*Jul.* There's madness in the thought—give me the deathful instrument. *(seizes the pistol.)*

*Faulk.* Hold! oh let me kiss thee—*(a knocking at the door)* we're interrupted—*(knocking repeated)* go to the door *(Julia goes to the door, returns with a letter, opens it, shrieks, and runs into her father's arms)*

What means this frantic joy? bank notes! a letter! ah, from Tangent—*(reads)* " While I intreat " you will do me the honor of employing these notes, " it gives me great pleasure to inclose you a letter, " which at once exposes the villany of your agents, " and restores you to prosperity and happiness"—*(looks over the letter, then falls on his knee)* Omnipotent Providence! humbled with the dust, behold a repentant wretch! but thou art slow to punish, and thy mercies are infinite!

*Way to Get Married, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

## SUPERSTITION.

RUTTEKIN AND ANGELINA.

*Rut.* Pr'ythee, mend your pace; this wood is haunted by the ghosts of gibbeted thieves, and murdered travellers—Bless me! I heard a noise—no; it was the wind. Robin Goodfellow and his brother fairies have been often seen here!—List! I hear a

rustling in the bushes—some cut-throat, no doubt.

*Annette.* Why tremble so? *(Holding him.)*

*Rut.* I tremble, thou aguish aspin! *(Shaking)* Sir, do you not hear the devil, or some evil spirit? *(To Angelina.)*

*Annette.* Some one approaches—and see yonder a glimmering light sparkles in the dark, perhaps in some cottage window.

*Rut.* Yes, and it moves this way, house and all.

*EDWIN appears at the upper end of the Stage, with a Lantern.*

*Ang.* Heaven preserve us!

*Rut.* And forgive us our sins.—O my poor conscience! The poultry I have stolen are pecking at it, and the lambs baaing in my ears.

*Annette.* Silence, coward!

*Rut.* I am dumb—But who ever looked on the devil without quaking!—No, it is not the devil, but a ghost or hobgoblin—Nay, it is the devil too, for I see his great saucer eyes blazing with blue fire!

*Ang.* Peace, coward! perhaps some benighted traveller, like ourselves.

*Rut.* It is the devil, I say; look at his cloven feet, great horns, and monstrous nostrils!—I'll to prayers——

*Robin Hood, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

ALBINA AND DEBORAH. (*Clock strikes Ont.*)

*Deb.* There—he's coming!

*Alb.* Who's coming?

*Deb.* The Baron!—the Baron!

*Alb.* What Baron?

*Deb.* Why, in days of yore an old Norman Baron was murdered in that bed; and ever since, when the Castle clock strikes one, that door is sure to open, (*pointing to it*) and in he stalks in black armour.

*Alb.* Does he indeed?—Well! I shall be very glad to see him; and that we may have a full view of him, do snuff the candles.

*Deb.* Snuff the candles, Miss?

*Alb.* Ay: let's see what he's made of, Deborah.

*Deb.* (*In her fright, snuffs out one of the candles*) I saw the picture shake; and that's a sure sign the Baron is approaching.

*Alb.* So it is. I'll frighten her away if I can. (*aside*) Hark! Don't you hear the rattling of armour?

*Deb.* I do.

*Alb.* And the clanking of chains; and the screech owl; and the ravens; and the cats; and the mice? And don't you hear me, Deborah?

*Deb.* I do. Oh, Lord! The Governesses may come and watch you herself. I won't stay to be hack'd to pieces!

*Alb.* Hush! the door opens; and there he is, as black as Belzebub. Oh, dear! My courage fails.

me! Go to him, Deborah! and while he makes mince-meat of you, I shall have time to run away—Pray do, Deborah.

*Deb.* Not I! Heaven protect you!

[*Exit frightened.*]

*Alb.* Ha! ha! ha! What an old coward it is.

*Will, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

## SURPRISE.

OLD RAPID, AND YOUNG RAPID, *with his Coat torn.*

*O. Rap.* Fighting!—Oh, dear! where is he!

*Y. Rap.* Here am I, dad—

*O. Rap.* What has been the matter?

*Y. Rap.* Only a small rumpus;—went to peep at the castle—pushing home—the road had a bit of a circumbendibus—hate corners—so I jumped the hedge—cut right across—you know my way—kept moving—up came a farmer—wanted to turn me back—would not do—tussled a bit—carried my point—came straight as an arrow.

*O. Rap.* Fie, fie!—But read that letter.

*Y. Rap.* What! the Nabob coming here directly and I in this pickle—Waiter, are my clothes come home?

*Wait.* No, sir.

*Y. Rap.* Why, the fellow gave his word—

*Waiter.* Yes, sir;—but what can you expect from a taylor?

[*Ex. t.*]



*Y. Rap.* That's very true.

*O. Rap.* Impudent rascal !

*Y. Rap.* What the devil shall I do ?—the most important moment of my life—

*O. Rap.* 'Tis unlucky.

*Y. Rap.* Unlucky ?—'tis perdition—annihilation—a misfortune, that——

*O. Rap.* I can mend.

*Y. Rap.* How ?

*O. Rap.* By mending the coat.

*Y. Rap.* An excellent thought.—Come, help me off ;—quick—quick !

*O. Rap.* I always have a needle in my pocket.—Now, give it me.

*Y. Rap.* What ! suffer my father to mend my coat ? No—no ;—not so bad as that neither—As the coat must be mended, damn it, I'll mend it.

*O. Rap.* Will you tho' ?—Ecod, I should like to see you ;—here's a needle ready threaded—and a thimble ;—you can't think how I should like to see you ;—now don't hurry, that's a dear boy. (*Young Rapid sits down, gathers his legs under him—Old Rapid puts his spectacles on, and sits close to him, looking on.*)

*Y. Rap.* Now mind, dad, when—Damn the needle ! (*wounds his fingers*)

*O. Rap.* That's because you are in such a hurry.

*Y. Rap.* When the Nabob comes,—fink the taylor !——

*O. Rap.* I will ;—but that's a long fitch.

*Y. Rap.* Be sure you fink the taylor ;—a great deal !

depends on the first impressi<sup>o</sup>n ;—you shall be reading a grave book with a melancholy air.

*O. Rap.* Then I wish I had brought down my book of bad debts ;—that would have made me melancholy enough.

*Enter MR. and MISS VORTEX, who advance slowly, the NABOB the side where YOUNG RAPID is, MISS VORTEX to the other side.*

*Y. Rap.* I, ha! ha! I say, dad, if the Nabob was to see us now—ha! ha!

*O. Rap.* Ha! ha! true ;—but mind what you're about.

*Y. Rap.* I'll be discovered in a situation that will surprise—a striking situation, and in some damn'd elegant attitude—*(looks up, and sees the Nabob)*

*O. Rap.* Why don't you finish the job ?—why don't you ?—*(sees the Nabob)*—*They look round the other way, and see Miss Vortex; they both appear ashamed and dejected; Young Rapid draws his legs from under him.)*

*Vor.* Gentlemen—I and my daughter, Miss Vortex, have done ourselves the honor of waiting upon you, to—

*Miss Vor.* But I beg we may not interrupt your amusement ;—'tis uncommon whimsical !

*Y. Rap.* *(recovering himself)* Yes, ma'am, very whimsical—I must keep moving *(laughs)* Ha! ha! You see dad, I've won—I've won—ha, ha!

*Miss Vort.* He says he has won—

*O. Rap. (with amazement)* Oh! he has won, has he?

*Y. Rap.* Yes, you know I've won; he! he! why don't you laugh? (*aside to Old Rapid.*)

*O. Rap. (with difficulty)* Ha! he!

*Y. Rap.* You see, ma'am, the fact is—I had torn my coat; so says I to my father, I'll bet my bays against your opera box that I mend it; and so—ha! ha! (*to Old Rapid*) Laugh again.

*O. Rap.* I can't—indeed I can't.

*Y. Rap.* And so I—I won—upon my soul I was doing it very well.

*O. Rap.* No, you were not—you were doing it ashamed to be seen.

*Y. Rap. (apart)* Hush!—Ah, father, you don't like to lose.

*Vor.* Well, gentlemen, now this very extraordinary frolic is over—

*Y. Rap.* Yes, sir—it is quite over—(*aside*) thank Heaven!

*Vor.* Suppose we adjourn to Bangalore Hall?

*Y. Rap.* Sir, I'll go with you directly with all the pleasure in life.

*Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

## SYMPATHY.

BEAUCHAMP TO ZORAYDA.

Trust me, Zorayda, I love not those, who weigh too nicely the transgressions of a *sufferer*: to punish human errors is the province of Heaven; to relieve human wants is the duty of man!

*East Indian, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

LADY AMARANTH, AMELIA, &amp;c.

*Lady Am.* Tell me thy condition, then I shall better know how to serve thee. Is thy brother thy sole kindred?

*Ame.* I had a husband, and a son.

*Lady Am.* A widow! If it recal not images thou wou'd'st forget, impart to me thy story.—'Tis rumour'd in the village, thy brother is a clergyman—tell me.

*Ame.* Madam, he was; but he has lost his early patron, and is now poor and unbeneficed.

*Lady Am.* But thy husband—

*Ame.* By this brother's advice, now twenty years since, I was prevailed on to listen to the addresses of a young sea-officer, (for my brother has been a chaplain in the navy) but to our surprize and mortification, we discovered by the honesty of a sailor, in whom he put confidence, that the Captain's design was only to decoy me into a seeming marriage, or—

dered him to procure a counterfeit clergyman ; our humble friend, instead of us, put the deceit upon his master, by concealing from him that my brother was in orders ; he, flattered with the hopes of procuring me an establishment, gave into the supposed imposture, and performed the ceremony.

*Lady Am.* Duplicity, even with a good intent, is ill.

*Am.* Madam, the event has justified your censure ; for my husband, not knowing himself really bound by any legal tie, abandon'd me—I follow'd him to the Indies, distracted, still seeking him—I left my infant at one of our settlements ; but, after a fruitless pursuit, on my return, I found the friend to whose care I had committed my child, was compell'd to retire from the ravages of war, but where I could not learn a rent with agonizing pangs, now without child or husband, I again saw England, and my brother, who, wounded with remorse, for being the cause of my misfortunes, secluded himself from the joys of social life, and invited me to partake the comforts of solitude in that humble asylum, from whence we've both just now been driven.

*Lady Am.* My pity can do thee no good, yet I pity thee ; but as resignation to what must be, may restore peace, if my means can procure thee comfort, they are at thy pleasure. Come, let thy griefs subside ; instead of thy cottage, accept thou and thy brother every convenience that my mansion can afford.



*Am.* Madam, I can only thank you with—(*Weeps.*)

*Lady Am.* My thanks are here—Come, thou shalt be chearful. I will introduce thee to my sprightly cousin Harry, and his father, my humourous uncle; we have delights going forward that may amuse thee.

*Am.* Kind lady.

*Lady Am.* Come, smile—tho' a quaker, thou see'st I am merry—the sweetest joy of wealth and power is to cheer another's drooping heart, and wipe from the pallid cheek, the tear of sorrow.

*Wild Oats, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

BULCAZIN AND ZORAYDA.

*Bul.* These vile Christians  
Vex thy poor father, fore, Zorayda.  
Would it not glad thee, wench, to see these dogs  
Dragg'd through our town in chains?

*Zor.* No, trust me, father:  
For when the captives pass, that dig our garden,  
Pining in wretchedness, and spirit-broken,  
Poor hearts! I turn my head aside, and weep,  
To see a sight so piteous. Surely, father,  
When Heaven made Man, it never was ordain'd  
That he should make his fellow-creatures slaves,  
And gall them with such cruelty.

*Mountaineers, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

FITZHARDING *solus.*

I have a kind of movement, still, for Wilford,  
 I cannot conquer. What can be this charge  
 Sir Edward brings against him?—Should the boy  
 Prove guilty!—well; why should I pity guilt?  
 Philosophers would call me driv'ler.—Let them.  
 Whip a deserter, and Philosophy  
 Stands by, and says he merits it. That's true:—  
 But wherefore should Philosophy take snuff,  
 When the poor culprit writhes? A plague on Stoical  
 I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,  
 Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel  
 What some call weak:—I'd have it ooze a little.  
 Better compassion should be set abroad,  
 'Till it run waste, than let a system-monger  
 Bung it with Logic; or a trencher cap  
 Bawl out his ethics on it, 'till his thunder  
 Turns all the liquor sour. *Iron Chest, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

## TASTE.

SIGNOR, CLARA, AND MRS. DARNLEY.

*Clara. (To Mrs. Darnley.)* Upon my word, music seems so important a science, that I think you had better let your little boy have some lessons—it is necessary for his education—isn't, Signor?

*Signor.* Neceffaire!—ma foi: 'tis de only education now-a-days—never mind vat you call Latin and

Greek—put de fiddle in his little hand and let him scrape away! den he vill be great man—like me: and call for hot supper and best bed verever he go!

*Mrs. Darnley.* What! shall I give up making a parson of him, Clary?

*Signor.* Parson!—pif!—vat is de parson to de musician?—he ride his old white horse—preach away at four or five churches, and vat he get?—forty pounds a year—Eh bien! I and my vife ride in vis-a-vis—sing only ven we like, and make five thousand a year—ah ha! voila la difference!—Parson!—begar! de blind fidler get more money!

*Mrs. Darnley.* More shame for the country then, where foreign arrogance is so rewarded, and gentlemanly merit so insulted!

*Rage, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

---

## TEARS.

COLONEL DOWNRIGHT TO A. EUSTON.

What? Do *you* weep?—Now that affects me more than any thing that has been said or done yet.—I don't like to see a woman cry, but I can't bear to see a man—a man's tears flow from so deep a source—they always appear to have come a long journey, and therefore I notice them as strangers, that have gone through fatigue and trouble on their way—While a woman's tears I consider as mere neighbours, that call upon you when they like, and generally drop in on all occasions.

*I'll Tell You What, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

## TENACITY.

SIR F. PLAGIARY, SNEER, MR. AND MRS. DANGLE.

*Sir F. P.* Sincerely then—you do like the piece?

*Sneer.* Wonderfully!

*Sir F. P.* But come now, there must be something that you think might be mended, hey?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

*Dangle.* Why faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

*Sir F. P.* With most authors it is just so indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious!—But, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

*Sneer.* Very true.—Why then, tho' I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection; which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

*Sir F. P.* Sir, you can't oblige me more.

*Sneer.* I think it wants incident.

*Sir F. P.* Good God!—you surprize me!—wants incident!—

*Sneer.* Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

*Sir F. P.* Good God!—Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference.—But I protest to you, Mr. Sneer,

I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

*Dangle.* Really I can't agree with my friend Sneer.—I think the plot quite sufficient; and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest any thing, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.—

*Sir F. P.* Rises; I believe you mean, Sir.

*Dangle.* No; I don't upon my word.

*Sir F. P.* Yes, yes, you do upon my soul—it certainly don't fall off, I assure you.—No, no, it don't fall off.

*Dangle.* Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

*Mrs. Dangle.* No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

*Sir F. P.* Upon my soul the women are the best judges after all!

*Mrs. Dangle.* Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

*Sir F. P.* Pray, Madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

*Mrs. Dangle.* O Lud! no.—I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

*Sir F. P.* Then I am very happy—very happy indeed,—because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play:—I should not venture to differ with a



lady on a point of taste; but, on these occasions, the watch, you know, is the critic.

*Mrs. Dangle.* Then, I suppose, it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

*Sir F. P. O.* if Mr. Dangle read it! that's quite another affair!—But I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and an half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the Prologue and Epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

*Critic, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

---

## TIMES (MODERN AND ANTIENT.)

ADM. CLEVELAND TO OLD MANLY.

—— Well, they may say what they will about the degeneracy of the times, and the falling off of our morals, and all that; but, to my thinking, we improve in every thing except in fighting, and in that—though we may equal—damn me, if we can better, the good old model of our forefathers. I remember in my younger years, there were some few scattered remnants of such chaps as his lordship—some remains of your old school of beaux, who had been the insects of the former century, and which I had hoped were all extinct by this time; who, like him, were shewy and dangerous, fitter for manoeuvring than action, and more gaudy in their tackle

than found in their bottom—whereas, for ought I see, the striplings of these days, like this pickle Manly, have all the gaiety of their predecessors, with not a quarter of their foppery; and with less vice in their hearts, have more nature in their follies.

*Fugitive*, A. 5. Sc. 5.

## TYRANNY DEFEATED.

MANUEL AND DIANORA.

*Man.* Yield, therefore, instant yield thee to my will;

For thy resistance idle is and vain.

*Dian.* Tyrant! thou'rt snar'd. The fiend, who tempts thee, smiles

To see thee grasp at guilt beyond thy pow'r,  
Far as the moon beyond the stretching babe,  
Who thinks no barrier 'twixt his wish and him;  
For, shouldst thou dare affront with touch profane,

*[Draws a dagger.]*

This potent key can ope the mortal door,  
And let th' exulting spirit wing aloft,  
Leaving a corpse impregnable to insult.

*Man.* Be this vaunt prologue put to instant proof.

*Dian.* Come on, then; try; I brave thee to the test.

*Man.* Yes, I will try thee.

*[Manuel tears open folding-doors, and shows Carlos at a block between two Banditti.]*  
There! behold thy son.

*Car.* Mother, O, help me, help !

*Dian.* My life !—My precious !

*Man.* Woman, remain: Endearments are misplac'd:  
Yield, ere you think to interchange caresses.

*Dian.* Nay, he's my own ; I bore him.

*Man.* Thou shalt win him,  
Or his cold carcase only shall be thine :  
Choose, then, decide.

*Dian.* O, horrible !—he dares not—  
This hideous pageant, schem'd to startle me,  
Shall swell the sum of unavailing efforts.

*Man.* 'Tis very Carlos : murderers they ; this steel,  
Of edge keen-temper'd—shall he try it ? say ;  
Come, thy resolves ; now, instant, let me know them ;  
For may the death, I doom him, light on me,  
If thy denial swim not in his gore !

*Dian.* O, baleful ! blasphemous !

*Man.* Will you not bend ?

*Dian.* No, never.

*Man.* Let him die ;  
You there, strike home ; away with him, away !—

*Dian.* Hold, hold—By all that's sacred before God  
and man—

*Car.* Don't let them hurt me :—tell me what I've  
done.

*Man.* Well, art decided ?

*Dian.* Yet a moment's pause.—  
My Father, and my God, O, thou of mercy,  
Look down, look down, upon the wretched'st  
woman,

That ever rais'd th' imploring eyes of anguish,  
 And guide her in her choice—Choice! Lose my boy?  
 Him, Maker, who thou gav'st me with sharp throes?  
 No; let thy pity wash the stain away,  
 If I devoted fall to save my offspring.—  
 I yield—Exult; thy victory is signal.

*Man.* Be gone, prepare thee;—but no desp'rate  
 thoughts;

He'd straight accompany—Dost understand me?

*Dian.* O, misery!

*Man.* (*aside to the bandit.*) Dispatch him speedily.

[*Exeunt banditti and Carlos.*]

*Dian.* Oh! I can bear no longer.—See me down.  
 See what you've brought me to.—O, Manuel!

*Man.* 'Tis past; you shake me not; arise, arise.

*Dian.* The agony's too vast! I rise no more.

[*Falling to the earth—A Shout within.*]

\* \* \* \* \*

*Enter the Bandit. with Carlos's cloaths bloody.*

*Bandit.* Sir, the boy is dead!

*Man.* Fool! (*snatches the cloaths.*)

[*Exit the Banditti.*]

*Dian.* Dead!—

O God of heav'n!—'tis Carlos—  
 Felon, let go—(*Tears the cloaths from Manuel,*)—

Look, look, they stain my hands!  
 His precious blood, still warm with life!—My boy's!  
 They've kill'd my only love—Help! Treason!  
 Murder!

[*Drums, trumpets—Alarm—Shout of, Ansaldo!*]

*Man.* Hark—What?—Anfaldo!—then, 'tis plain  
he lives:—

I'll make thee sure, at least; hence to thy son!

[*As he runs to stab Dianora,*

*Enter ANSALDO, SOLERNO, and Soldiers.*

*Ans.* Hold, monster, hold! [*Rushing upon Manuel.*

*Dian.* My lord! My husband! ah! [*Faints.*

*Man.* Still dost thou skulk within that loathed flesh?

I hop'd 't had been anatomiz'd by worms.

Fate wars against me; but Gradenze's blood

Can brave its malice, and defies thy point:

Boldly I strike for victory or death. [*They fight.*

*Ans.* Hence, to thy native hell!— [*Manuel falls.*

*Man.* Burst, cleave, ye vaults—hail ruin upon all!

Sunder thee, earth, and yawn to swallow us!

Thy boy, thy boy—O, had I marr'd his turtle—

She has escap'd me:—damn'd but for a dream!—

Again—hold, hold, ye fiends!—they drag me down—

One moment—Oh!—assist me,—Mercy! help—

[*Dies.*

*Ans.* Joy of my life, he's dead—Revive, revive.

Methinks, the colour comes into her lips.

My love, My Dianora, answer me.

*Dian.* Say, am I mad? or is it Lord Anfaldo?

*Ans.* Thy own, thy own Anfaldo.

*Dian.* But, my boy!

My life! my little darling! oh! oh! oh!

[*Pointing to the cloaths.*

*Ans.* Eternal Power!—



*Enter GOMEZ with CARLOS.*

*Gom.* Here let me crown your bliss!  
Behold, blest pair, that which alone was wanting.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Dian.* How 'scap'd my child?

*Gom.* I sav'd him; it was I.

*Dian.* Then, be thou blest, till time shall be no more!

*Gom.* I left thee, fix'd to die, or to protect  
Afflicted innocence, and, in disguise  
Of a benighted, lonely, wanderer,  
Before the alarm of danger clos'd each pass,  
Gain'd entrance. Then I play'd the needy villain,  
And, sullen, mutter'd how I long'd for mischief:  
This suited Manuel's purpose, and he hir'd me.—  
Yes, it was I, who rais'd the threat'ning blade,  
Which sooner should have cleft my neck in twain,  
Than injur'd but the velvet down of his.

*Ans.* Whole, then, this blood?

*Gom.* The slave's employ'd to aid me.  
As to my stroke he held the death-doom'd Carlos,  
I sell'd him to the earth, and with his gore  
Distain'd these vestments, to deceive the tyrant,  
'Till thou shouldst come, and wreak full vengeance  
on him.

*Regent, A. 5. Sc. 3.*

## UNION.

ORASMYN AND ABDALLAH.

*Abdal.* ——— See'st thou not the prudence  
To bind her to compliance, e'er she knows  
The pow'r, the pride, the pleasure of dominion?

*Oras.* But what can bind *the heart*, save its own  
choice?

I would have woo'd her with such watchful eyes,  
Such unremitting tender, prompt, affection,  
As might have won her of herself, and crown'd  
The future days of both with happiness.

—Oh! never let ambition tie the knot,  
Pure love alone can hallow! *Almeyda*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

## VALOUR.

SIR PHILIP AND MISS BLANDFORD.

*Miss B.* The joy your tenantry display at seeing  
you again must be truly grateful to you.

*Sir P.* No, my child; for I feel I do not merit  
it. Alas! I can see no orphans clothed with my  
beneficence, no anguish assuaged by my care.

*Miss B.* Then I am sure, my dear father wishes to  
shew his kind intentions. So I will begin by placing  
one under his protection. (*goes up the stage and leads*

down Henry. (*Sir Philip, on seeing him, starts, then becomes greatly agitated.*)

*Sir P.* Ah! do my eyes deceive me? No, it must be him! Such was the face his father wore!

*Hen.* Spake you of my father?

*Sir P.* His presence brings back recollections which drive me to madness! How came he here; Whom have I to curse for this?

*Miss B.* (*falling on his neck*) Your daughter.

*Hen.* Oh, Sir, tell me! on my knees I ask it! do my parents live? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—my nights in prayers for you. (*Sir Philip views him with severe contempt*) Do not mock my misery! Have you a heart?

*Sir P.* Yes; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself!—quit my fight for ever!

*Miss B.* Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse.

*Hen.* I obey: cruel as the command is, I obey it—I shall often look at this (*touching the medal*) and think on the blissful moment when your hand placed it there.

*Sir P.* Ah! tear it from his breast. (*Servant advances*)

*Hen.* Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns me the first rank among the sons of industry! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour.

This will give me competence, nay more, enable me to despise your tyranny!

*Sir P.* Rash boy, mark! Avoid me, and be secure—Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee—

*Hen.* I defy its power!—You are in England, Sir, where the man who bears about him an upright heart bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour? No!—Can your malediction disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience? No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel? Oh, no!

*Sir P.* Wretch, you shall be taught the difference between us!

*Hen.* I feel it now! proudly feel it!—You hate the man that never wrong'd you—I could love the man that injures me—You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble!

*Speed the Plough, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

---

## VENGEANCE.

*HASSAN solus.*

—Yes, thou art sweet, Vengeance! Oh! how it joys me when the white man suffers! Yet weak are his pangs, compared to those I felt when torn from thy shores, O native Africa! from thy bosom, my faithful Samba!—Ah! dost thou still exist, my

wife? Has sorrow for my loss traced thy smooth brow with wrinkles?—My boy too, whom on that morning when the man-hunters seized me, I left sleeping on thy bosom, say, Lives he yet? Does he ever speak of me? Does he ask, “Mother, describe to me my father; show me how the warrior looked?”—Ha! has my bosom still room for thoughts so tender? Hence with them! Vengeance must possess it all! Oh! when I forget my wrongs, may I forget myself! When I forbear to hate these Christians, God of my fathers! mayst thou hate me!

*Castle Spelare, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

---

SIR PHILIP AND HANDY, JUNIOR.

*Sir P. (with suppressed agony)* You shall now hear how I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms; my heart was captivated—Fortune she possess'd not—but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

*Handy, jun.* How enviable your situation.

*Sir P.* Oh! (*sighing deeply*) On the evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as a departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree, where, lover like, I had marked the name of my destined bride, and with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstasy, I was wounding the bark with a



deeper impresson of the name—when, oh, God!—

*Handy, jun.* Pray, proceed!

*Sir P.* When the loved offspring of my mother, and the woman my soul adored—the only two beings on earth who had wound themselves round my heart, by every tie dear to the soul of man, placed themselves before me; I heard him—even now the sound is in my ears, and drives me to madness—I heard him breathe vows of love, which she answered with burning kisses—He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a vessel to bear her for ever from me—They were about to depart, when the burning fever in my heart rushed upon my brain—Picture the young tiger, when first his savage nature rouses him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe,—I sprung upon them—with one hand, I tore the faithless woman from his damned embrace, and with the other—stabbed my brother to the heart.

*Handy, jun.* (*Starting with horror, then recovering*)  
What followed?

*Sir P.* At that dreadful moment my brother's servant appeared, and the vessel that was to waft him to happiness, bore away his bleeding body; a few days brought the news that he had died suddenly in France, and all inquiry ceased.

*Speed the Plough, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

## VERSATILITY.

SIR F. FAINTLY TO CECILIA.

—— I constantly adapt myself, and in every street I'm a different man—for instance now: in the Temple I'm a lawyer; in St. James's street a lounge; in St. George's church I'm a married man; in Doctor's Commons a bachelor: Guildhall gives me an appetite; the Alley makes me waddle; in the Squares I'm not worth a farthing; and in Lombard street I've as many plumbs as a banker.

*Speculation, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## VEXATION.

SIR F. PLAGIARY, SNEER, DANGLE, &amp;c.

*Dangle.* Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the news-paper criticisms as you do of ours. ——

*Sir F. P.* The Newspapers!—Sir, they are the most villainous—licentious—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them—No—I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

*Dangle.* You are quite right—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

*Sir F. P.* No!—quite the contrary;—their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things.

—An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

*Mr. Sneer.* Why that's true—and that attack now on you the other day——

*Sir F. P.* ——What? where?

*Dangle.* Aye, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natur'd to be sure.

*Sir F. P.* O, so much the better—Ha! ha! ha!—I wou'dn't have it otherwise.

*Dangle.* Certainly it is only to be laugh'd at; for—

*Sir F. P.*—You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

*Sneer.* Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious.——

*Sir F. P.* O lud, no!—anxious,—not I,—not the least.—I—But one may as well hear you know.

*Dangle.* Sneer, do *you* recollect?—Make out something. (*Aside.*)

*Sneer.* I will. (*to Dangle.*)—Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

*Sir F. P.* Well, and pray now—Not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

*Sneer.* Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention, or original genius whatever; tho' you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

*Sir F. P.* Ha! ha! ha!—very good!

*Sneer.* That as to *Comedy*, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your common place-book—where stray jokes, and pilfered witti-

cisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the *lost-and-stolen-office*.

*Sir F. P.* Ha! ha! ha! very pleasant.

*Sneer.* Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste:—But that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiaries have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

*Sir F. P.* Ha! ha!

*Sneer.* In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment flares thro' the fantastic encumbrance of it's fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms!

*Sir F. P.* Ha! ha!

*Sneer.* That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsley-wolfey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's Page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir F. P.* Ha!—

*Sneer.* —In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize?

*Sir F. P.* (*after great agitation.*)—Now another person would be vex'd at this.

*Sneer.* Oh! but I wou'dn't have told you, only to divert you.

*Sir F. P.* I know it—I *am* diverted,—Ha! ha! ha!—not the least invention!—Ha! ha! ha! very good!—very good!

*Sneer.* Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

*Dangle.* A severe rogue! Ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

*Sir F. P.* To be sure—for if there is any thing to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it, and if it is abuse,—why one is always sure to hear of it from one damn'd good natur'd friend or another.

*Critic, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## VILLAINY.

RIVERS AND MRS. ORMOND.

*Riv.* ————Beauchamp, you say, is the villain's name, who—

*Mrs. Orm.* It is, but guilty as he is in the present instance, justice compels me to say, that by no other act has he ever merited the name of villain.

*Riv.* By my soul, this one is quite sufficient! The married seducer of an unsuspecting girl, the selfish betrayer of a father's confidence! Oh! he's qualified



to take the degree of villain in any college of vice throughout the universe!

\* \* \* \* \*

Emily, it was my misfortune to have a daughter on whom my soul doated. Her mother died while my child was yet an infant, and my child was the image of that mother, was the delight of my eye, was the comfort of my heart, was the solitary blessing of my existence; and while that one blessing was mine, I thought I possessed every other! This daughter, this very idolized daughter, sacrificed to passion *her* honour and *my* love, abandoned me for a villain, and her father became childless!

*East Indian, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

## VILLAINY DISAPPOINTED.

DROOPLY. (*Solus*)

Well, I have found no great difficulty in scampering over the garden wall—If any of the family should find me here though, I should be strangely suspected of either an intrigue or a burglary—It was an excellent thought of Caroline's to let me know when we should next meet, by leaving a letter for me in a fly corner of the pavilion; for, there is no trusting servants—I'll e'en get my dear little packet, and over the wall again. (*going towards the Pavilion*) Ha! I hear somebody coming. (*in his hurry to get to the Pavilion, he stumbles over a garden chair.*)

*Enter LEONARD, with JULIA in his arms.*

*Leon.* Oh, you are there, Simpson! here, take the lady in your arms. A fortunate fainting fit has prevented outcry. Place her in the carriage, while I return for an instant, for I have forgot to provide myself with the most material companion for long journies. Here, take one of my pistols, and defend your prize at the hazard of your life.

*[Exit, leaving Julia in Drooply's arms.]*

*Dro.* What the devil shall I do? And what prize have I got here? *(the moon bursting by degrees from a cloud)* My sweet, pretty moon, do enlighten me a little more, that I may see whom I am hugging so lovingly. *(it grows lighter)* Thank you kindly, my dear Luna. What, the young East Indian! Oh, that villain! She revives! Don't be alarm'd, Madam.

*Julia.* Where am I? Who are you?

*Dro.* No agent of villainy; but one who will protect you.

*Julia.* Oh, where is that wretch; am I in his power?

*Dro.* No, madam, nor ever shall be. Ha! he is coming.

*Julia.* Let me fly from his sight.

*Dro.* There, madam, into that Pavilion.

*[He goes with her, enters it, and brings out Caroline's letter in his hand.]*

She is safe, and I have got my dear Caroline's letter—So, now, Mr. Leonard, have at you!

[Leonard enters, and is crossing the stage; Drooply meets him—Drooply has put the pistol in his pocket.]

LEONARD. (*starting*)

Drooply! What do you do here?

*Dro.* I am only engaged in a little affair of gallantry.

*Leon.* What here! Do you disgrace my father's house with your gallantries?

*Dro.* Do you never disgrace your father's house with your gallantries?

*Leon.* Insolent!

*Dro.* No, no; I must do you the justice to own, you carry your gallantries *out* of your father's house.

*Leon.* What do you mean?

*Dro.* Mean! Sure you forgot Simpson is in the secret.

*Leon.* What of Simpson?

*Dro.* An't I Simpson? You did me the honour to salute me so just now.

*Leon.* Damnation! Well, sir, then where is your charge?

*Dro.* Here, you villain. (*presents his pistol*)

*Leon.* Drooply, I am in your power—command any thing—do but this instant restore me Julia, and you shall again glitter in gaiety, again be the rich, the courted Drooply.

*Dro.* Yes, to be pillaged again, you conclude, by the well-laid schemes of the friendly Mr. Visorly.

*Leon.* Ha!

*Dro.* Yes, I know your baseness—This heart, which once felt only gratitude and friendship towards you, now despises and abhors you—This tongue, once lavish in your praise, and prodigal of thanks, now execrates your infamy.

*Leon.* This is no time to prove my innocence. I am traduced, vilely slandered—All this I can clear up, and will; but the moments are most precious to me. Where is the lady? restore me Julia, and make your own terms.

*Dro.* What terms do you think wou'd bribe me to restore a lovely innocent to a villain's power? I am poor, I am wretchedly poor. But, would you return my fortune, would you add your own, your father's, nay, all the wealth of this rich city, it should not bribe me to an act of villainy.

*Leon.* Be prudent, and attend to what I say.

*Dro.* I'll attend to one thing you said most *strictly*. You charged me to defend my prize at the hazard of my life—That I do most willingly.

*Leon.* Drooply, urge me no further—I am desperate—Julia must be mine—Be wise, accept the offers of my friendship—don't risk my vengeance.

*Dro.* Your vengeance! poh! what! because you found me gentle, nay, humble, to the man I thought my friend and patron, do you think I want spirit to oppose a robber and a ravisher? Leonard, be assured it is a vast pleasure to me to have a pop at you on my own account; but had I no wrongs, sooner

than be your accomplice in the ruin of an unprotected woman, dam'me, but I would march up to you if you held a lighted match to the touch-hole of a nine-pounder. (*goes up close to him*)

*Volary of Wealth, A. 4. Sc. 5.*

## VINDICATION.

PENRUDDOCK AND HENRY.

*Henry.* ——— Who is the wretched heir?

*Penrud.* Roderick Penruddock.

*Henry.* What! Roderick the Recluse?

*Penrud.* The same.

*Henry.* My father knew him well—a gloomy misanthrope, shunning and shunn'd by all mankind. When such a being, after long seclusion, lost to all social charities, and harden'd into savage insensibility, comes forth into the world arm'd with power and property, he issues like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour.

*Penrud.* Stop your invective! Know him before you damn him.

*Henry.* Hang him, dull rogue, I do not wish to know him; but if you do, and think him wrong'd by my discourse, convince me of the wrong, and you shall find me ready to atone.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*



Bless me! can this be so? Am I in company with Mr. Penruddock?

*Penrud.* For the second time.—I recollect we met by accident, and had some interesting conversation.

*Henry.* Then I must throw myself upon your candour, and abide by any measures you may chuse to dictate in consequence of what has pass'd between us.

*Penrud.* You hardly can expect much candour in a character such as you painted—savage, insensible, lost to all social charities, a gloomy misanthrope.

*Henry.* I spoke, as men are apt to speak, what I believ'd upon report.—If you mean only to retort the words on me as their retailer, you still leave the original authority in force; but if you can refute that, you at once vindicate your own character from aspersion, and bring me to shame for my credulity and levity.

*Penrud.* If I remember right, you quoted your own father as the authority, on which you rested: of him, therefore, in the first place, I will speak; of myself in the last.—Your father and myself were intimates through all that happy age, when nature wears no mask: our boyish sports, our college studies, our travelling excursions, united us in friendship.—This may be tedious talk, and yet I study to be brief, for my own sake as well as yours.

*Henry.* I'm all attention—pray proceed.

*Penrud.* On our return from travel, it was my fortune to engage the affections of a lady—whom at this distant period I can't name without emotions that

unman and shake my foolish heart—therefore no more of her. Your father was our mutual confidant, pass'd and repass'd between us on affairs of trust and secrecy, whilst I was busied in providing for our marriage settlement: I struggled against difficulties, that tortur'd my impatience, and at length overcame them. In that interval a villain had belied my character, poison'd her credulous mind, and by the display of a superior fortune, prevail'd upon her parents to revoke their promises to me, and marry her to him.—What did this wretch deserve?

*Henry.* Death from your hands, and infamy from all the world!

*Penrud.* And yet upon his credit you arraign my character;—for that wretch is your own father—

*Henry.* And the lady you address'd my mother—?

*Penrud.* Oh! yes, yes, yes!

*Henry.* I'm dumb with horror!

*Penrud.* Can you now wonder, if, when arm'd with power to extinguish this despoiler of my peace, this still inveterate defamer of my character, I issue, as your own words describe me, like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour?

*Wheel of Fortune.* A. 2. Sc. 3. & A. 3. Sc. 3.

## VIRTUE.

HARCOURT TO MISS MORTIMER.

In my eyes, my dear Sophia, virtue never looks so lovely as when she stretches out her hand to the fallen !

*Chapter of Accidents, A. 2. Sc. 5.*

---

## VIRTUE. (THE TEST OF)

ADELAIDE TO RICHARD.

Look to the fields of glory, where your arm  
Has turn'd the scale of many a bloody day,  
And ask if conquest came without a conflict.  
Who gains a trophy from a foe unarm'd ?  
Nor lie in camps alone the lists of honor,  
O there are combats harder than the field's,  
Where the insidious foe betrays within ;  
And he whose coward virtue only triumphs  
When not assail'd by trial and temptation,  
Is not true honour's servant. *Adelaide, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

---

HARCOURT AND CECILIA.

*Cec.* I was informed, sir, you had particular business with me ?

*Har.* ——— What I would communicate, madam, requires secrecy.

*Cec.* Bridget, go where I ordered you just now.

\* \* \* I complied with your request, Sir, without enquiring the motive; because you, I think, *can* have only one—My father, if I may trust my heart, has made you his messenger to an unwilling offender.

*Har.* Pardon me, madam, but I refer you to this.

*Cec.* (*Reads*)

“ Madam,

“ Being certainly informed Mr. Woodville is on the point of marrying a lady chosen by his friends, when it is presumed you will be disengaged, a nobleman of rank, and estate above what *he* can ever possess, is thus early in laying his heart and fortune at your feet, lest some more lucky rival should anticipate him.—The bearer is authorised to disclose all particulars, and offer you a settlement worthy your acceptance.—Deign, madam, to listen to him on the subject, and you will find the unknown lover as generous and not less constant than Woodville.”

Good heavens! to what an insult have I exposed myself! (*She bursts into tears, and sinks into a chair, without minding Harcourt; who watches her with irresolution.*)

*Har.* What can I think?—there is an air of injur'd delicacy in her, which teaches me to reproach myself for a well-meant deceit.—If, madam,—

*Cec.* I had forgot this wretch. (*Rises.*) Return, Sir, to your vile employer; tell him, whoever he is, I

am too sensible of the insult, tho' not intitled to resent it—tell him, I have a heart above my situation, and that he has only had the barbarous satisfaction of adding another misery to those which almost overwhelmed me before.

*Har.* Hear me, madam, I conjure you! —

*Cec.* Never! a word would contaminate me——  
(*Struggling to go off.*)

*Har.* Nay, you shall——You do not know half the good consequences of this letter; I am the friend, the relation of Woodville—my name Harcourt!

*Cec.* Is it possible *he* should be so cruel, so unjust—

*Har.* He is neither cruel nor unjust, but only unfortunate.—Hear—He designs to marry you; this I learnt from himself only this morning. As a proof of my sincerity, I will own I doubted your right to that mark of his esteem, and made this trial in consequence. Pleas'd to find you worthy of his rank, I feel shock'd at reminding you, you ought not to share it. But, madam, if you truly love him, you cannot wish that, to be just to you, he should be unjust to those who have a prior right over him.—This shall positively be my last effort. (*Aside.*)

*Cec.* A motive like your's, Sir, will excuse any thing. How little my happiness, honour, or interest, *ever* weighed against his, need not be repeated. Far be it from me *now* to disgrace him; he is apprized of my invincible objections to a match which will never take place. May he form a happier, while I by a voluntary poverty expiate my offence.

*Chapter of Accidents, A. 2. Sc. 3.*



## VIRTUE AND VICE.

CLARIBEL TO RUTHENWOLF.

Marking the steps of Time, Vice shudders at the future, and meets Adversity with agony ;—but Virtue can, calmly, gaze on Fortune, as she turns her wheel ;—can look forward to her smiles, with cheerfulness, or endure her frown with steady resignation.

*Feudal Times, A. 2. Sc. 4.*

## WEAKNESS REPROVED.

MENTEVOLE AND OLYMPIA.

*Men.* Tell me, Olympia, are not women woo'd  
By constancy, and deep-protessed oaths ?  
By living on their smiles, by nice attentions ?  
By yielding up our reason to their humours ?  
By adoration of their beauty's power ?  
By sighs, and tears, by flattery, kneeling, fawning ?  
Tell me how many ways a manly mind  
Must be debas'd, to win a lady's smile ?

*Olym.* That which by baseness only can be gain'd,  
Were better undesir'd.

*Julia. A. 1. Sc. 6.*

## WEALTH.

FATIMA TO IRENE.

———Wealth, when its purpose is perverted, makes the possessor odious. When virtuous men have gold, they purchase their own happiness, by making others happy : heap treasure on the vicious, they strengthen their injustice with the sweet means of Charity, and turn the poor man's blessing to a curse.

*Blue Beard, A. 1. Sc. 4.*

## WHIM.

ROVER, OFFICER, AND AMELIA.

*Officer.* Come, Ma'am, Mr. Gammon says this chair is wanted to make up the half dozen above.  
*(lays hold of Amelia's chair, she rises terrified.)*

*Rover.* What, what's all this ?

*Officer.* Why, the furniture's seized on execution, and a man must do his duty.

*Rover.* Then, scoundrel, know, that a man's first duty is civility and tenderness to a woman.

*Amelia.* Heavens ! where's my brother ? This gentleman will bring himself into trouble.

*Officer.* Master, d'ye see, I'm representative for his honor the High Sheriff.

*Rover.* Every High Sheriff shou'd be a gentleman, and when he's represented by a rascal, he's dishonour'd.—Dem it, I might as well live about Covent Garden, and every night get beating the watch; for here, among groves and meadows, I'm always squabbling with constables. (*whips up a stick from a corner of the room, and holds it behind him.*)

*Officer.* Come, come, I must—

*Rover.* “As you say, Sir, last Wednesday, so it was”—Sir, your most obedient humble servant—(*Bows respectfully.*) Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty to know, have you ever been astonished? (*with great ceremony.*)

*Officer.* What?

*Rover.* Because, Sir, I intend to astonish you; my dear fellow, give me your hand (*takes his hand, and beats him—*) Now, Sir, you are astonished.

*Officer.* Yes; but see if I don't suit you with an action.

*Rover.* “Right, *suit the action to the word*, the word to the action, see if the gentlewoman be not affrighted”—“Michael, I'll make thee an example.”

*Officer.* Yes, fine example, when goods are seized here by the law, and—

*Rover.* “Thou worm and maggot of the law!” “Hop me over every kennel, or you shall hop without my custom.”

*Officer.* I don't value your custom.

*Rover.* You are astonished, now I'll amaze you.

*Officer.* No, Sir, I won't be amaz'd—but only see if I don't—

*Rover.* Hop!

[*Exit Officer muttering and bullying, yet frighten'd.*  
Stop Ma'am, these sort of gentry are monstrous bad company for a lady—So I'll just see him to the door, and then I'll see him outside the door.—Ma'am, I'm your most obedient humble servant. (*bows respectfully, and exit basily.*)

*Wild Oats, A. 5. Sc. 3.*

## WIT.

### ALDOBRAND AND ALICE.

*Aldobrand.* Here I am! so amorous—but so frighten'd! My heart is like a volcano in Iceland; fire and frost at the same time. If Laura should not requite my passion—if I should fail, Alice!—

*Alice.* Fail, Sir! there is no such word in the lover's dictionary.

*Aldobrand.* Then I suppose mine is the old edition; for, egad! I think I see it in the title-page, in black letter. It frightens me so, that I can't *turn over a new leaf*.

*Strangers At Home, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

### MODISH AND ZORAYDA.

*Mod.* You know my uncle's a blockhead; he's supposed to have the greatest body and least wit of any man in London.

*Zor.* That follows of course : I've observed, that in lofty houses the upper apartments are always the worst furnished. *East Indian, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

---

MONFORD, WHIMSEY, AND Y. WHIMSEY.

*Monf.* I believe, Sir, my confession will explain every thing to you.—I own I did intend to elope with Miss Charlotte this evening.

*Whim.* Very obliging of you, indeed—to make a confession, when your scheme is discover'd—I have seen a highwayman do as much just before his execution.

*Y. Whim.* Then, Sir, as execution follows confession—let them be tied up directly—with *Benefit of Clergy.* *First Floor, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

---

RUTTEKIN, JOHN, &c.

*John.* What are you, firrah?

*Rut.* A tinker and a fool, but no knave.

*John.* Well distinguished; for though all knaves are fools, all fools are not knaves. Where do you reside, tinker?

*Rut.* Where I stand, I carry my shop on my back, as the snail carries his house; I'm always at home, yet am a traveller.

*John.* A fool, a traveller; but that is no new case,



many of our travellers having proved themselves fools.

\* \* \* \* \*

*John.* Perhaps this fellow is an impostor, so open his pack. (*pointing to Ruttekin*) A good heart may lie in a deformed body ; a diamond may be concealed in a dunghill, and why not gold or silver in this budget. (*they open the budget, and throw out a fowl, a bottle and a loaf, Ruttekin leaps into it.*)

*Rut.* Spare my property ! my budget contains my ways and means !

*Scar.* Out of the budget, or I'll knock you down.

*Rut.* What, strike a man in his own shop ?

\* \* \* \* \*

*John.* Can you find the way, Tinker ?

*Rut.* I passed the hermitage coming here, and will go forward upon the beaten path : never fear a fool finding his way through the world : fools keep the high road, it is your wise men who go aside and fall into the ditch.

*John.* You may trust him with the delivery of a message ; he will be true to your word, though a liar and a tinker.

*Rut.* No slur upon tinkers ; they are found in every honourable profession. Your politician's a tinker, in mending the state-kettle, when he patches up one hole he makes two ; your poet's a tinker, he hammers out new works from other men's' old wit ; the lawyer's a tinker, he deals in brags and opens more flaws than he stops ; and what's your physi-

an? why a tinker too, a brazier of old batter'd constitutions, and if he cures you of a gout, will take care to leave a rheumatism behind for a new job.

\* \* \* \* \*

RUTTEKIN. (*Solus*)

So, after all boasting, I have lost my way; but that is common with men of genius, and women of genius too. There is your great orator; he often leaves the plain road of truth to wander in the labyrinth of falsehood. Then your prude, perhaps, after walking years in the straight paths of virtue, trips in her gait, and stumbling, falls upon a bed of thorns. Few people pursue the tract Nature designed them—therefore we find politicians without brains, magistrates without justice, noblemen without honour, traders without honesty, philosophers without morality, and churchmen without religion.

\* \* \* \* \*

RUTTEKIN AND ANNETTE.

*Rut.* Come, out with your purse, youngster: the reward, the reward.

*Annette.* Reward! a sound beating is the proper reward for a coward; besides, thou art a liar for denying thy cowardice, and a rogue for demanding what you have no right to.

*Rut.* The very reasons why I should have my reward; you see my garments are as seedy as a gingerbread cake; out at the elbows like a poet; so since

I am a rogue and a liar, and ragged withal, give me the money lad, that I may get rid of my bad habits.

*Robin Hood*, A. 1. Sc. 1. A. 2. Sc. 2. A. 3. Sc. 1.

## WIVES. (OBEDIENT)

LORD PRIORY, AND SIR WILLIAM.

*Ld. P.* In ancient days, when manners were simple and pure, did not wives wait at the table of their husbands? and did not angels witness the subordination? I have taught Lady Priory to practise the same humble docile obedience—to pay respect to her husband in every shape and every form—no careless inattention to *me*—no smiling politeness to others in preference to *me*—no putting *me* up in a corner—in all assemblies, she considers her husband as the first person.

*Sir W.* I am impatient to see her.

*Ld. P.* But don't expect a fine lady with high feathers, and the *et cetera* of an Eastern concubine; you will see a modest plain Englishwoman, with a cap on her head, a handkerchief on her neck, and a gown of our own manufacture.

*Wives as they Were*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

## WORTH.

JOHN AND RICHARD.

*P. John.* I did not mean  
To hint suspicion of your well-tried courage,  
But still the bravest are not safe from slander,  
Whose poisonous breath will blast the fairest fame,  
Even on the slightest ground.

*P. Rich.* Then let the coward  
Who wears the semblance of a worth he has not,  
Shrink at her touch—For he whose fame is built  
On vain opinion only, and but reads  
His claim to honor in the million's praise,  
Falls with the baseless pedestal that rais'd him—  
But he whose pride is founded on the basis  
Of conscious worth and self approving virtue,  
Despises all the empty sneers of scorn,  
If by the voice of inborn worth acquitted.

*Adelaide, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

---

SIDNEY AND LADY PHILIPPA.

*Lady P.* Don't name the upstart in my presence—a  
creature without a coat of arms to his family.

*Mr. Sid.* But having honour and private worth,  
I should have given him up with reluctance, tho' he  
he had been without a coat to his back.

\* \* \* \* \*

SIDNEY, DORIMOND, AND LADY PHILIPPA.

*Mr. S.* Twice has this gallant adventurer saved our only child : join with me then, Lady Philippa, in bestowing her hand upon him, and thus secure the faithful services of an honest fellow thro' life.

*Lady P.* Most chearfully.

*Dori.* How shall I ever repay—

*Mr. S.* Not by long speeches, Dorimond—You have won her by no feats of ancestry, but your own natural deserts ; if she prove a blessing therefore, long may you live to wear it.

*Lady P.* Oh ! Mr. Sidney, you have taught me at length to feel, that to contribute to the happiness of those around us, is far more honourable than all the pomp that heraldry can boast.

*Travellers in Switzerland, A. 1. Sc. 2. & A. 3. Sc. 8.*

---

## ZEAL.

DORVILLE AND RALPH.

*Ralph.* Here your honour, here, here is the five hundred pounds.

*Mr. Dor.* From whom ?

*Ralph.* It is your own ! your honor, it's your own ! what you advanc'd to put me into the farm ? I was a liar this morning, I was a scoundrel this morning, I said my crops were not good ; they are your honor, they are the best in the county, my heart misgave me at the time. I thought no good would come of it ! here, your honour, take the money !



*Mr. Dor.* Why, Ralph! this is more than is due!

*Ralph.* Never mind what is your due, honor, never mind what is due. When I was in trouble, you never remembered what was due; you'll break my heart if you refuse the money—

*Enter FRANK.*

*Frank.* Here, here it is, your honor, you must take all from me, I am the oldest tenant you have!

*Mr. Dor.* My good fellows! my noble fellows! I shall burst with agony—

*Ralph.* To be sure, Frank is the oldest tenant, but then he has a wife and a large family.

*Frank.* That is the reason your honour! that is the reason! Heaven's blessing will go with me, heaven's blessing goes with every man who has a large family. —to see you thus— (*they each take a hand*)

*Mr. Dor.* To see me thus, is the proudest day of my life! a landlord in the hour of his distress sustained by his tenants! the suddenness of this demand has but occasioned a temporary embarrassment; my fortune is untouch'd! think not so meanly of me, of yourselves. No, no, it is not by lavish expence, or thoughtless profusion that I have won your hearts; it is by living among you, by habits of familiarity, by listening to the little stories of your pleasures and disappointments; the way to win your confidence was pure and simple, it was only to give you mine.

*Secret, A. 5. Sc. 12.*

## SIR PHILIP AND ASHFIELD.

*Sir P.* — Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine ?

*Ash.* Ees, Zur, I do, at your zarvice.

*Sir P.* I hope a profitable one ?

*Ash.* Zometimes it be, Zur. But thic year it be all t'other way as 'twur—but I do hope as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

*Sir P.* It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt ?

*Ash.* Ees, Zur, I be at your zarvice.

*Sir P.* How much ?

*Ash.* Zur, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

*Sir P.* Which you can't pay ?

*Ash.* Not a varthing, Zur—at your zarvice.

*Sir P.* Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

*Ash.* Be you, Zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld Dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your Honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, Zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, Zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure, I never should—should not, indeed, Zur.

*Sir P.* Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition——

*Asb.* Ees, Zur.

*Sir P.* On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

*Asb.* Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, Zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

*Sir P.* I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

*Asb.* Turn out Henry! I do vow I shou'dn't know how to zet about it—I should not indeed, Zur.

*Sir P.* You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it. [Exit.

*Asb.* Well, Zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait on me, and I'll tell you. *(makes the motion of turning out)*—I shou'd be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain—however, I'll put the case—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zees Henry zitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the whold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and zays—“Varmer, the horses be sed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, and smoke your pipe and be happy!” Very well! *(becomes affected)* Then I zays—“Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my houze directly.” Very well! then my wife

stares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place; and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—“ Varmer, I have too long been a burthen to you— Heaven protect you, as you have me—Farewel! I go.” Then I zays, “ If thee doez I’ll be down’d!” (*with great energy*) Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.——

*Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.*

Zur, I have argued the topic, and it wou’dn’t be pratty—zo I can’t.

*Sir P.* Can’t! absurd!

*Asb.* Well, Zur, there is but another word—I won’t.

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Asb.* No, Zur, I won’t—I’d zee myzself hang’d first, and you too, Zur—I wou’d indeed (*bowing*)

*Sir P.* You refuse then to obey.

*Asb.* I do, Zur, at your zarvice. (*bowing*)

*Sir P.* Then the law must take its course.

*Asb.* I be zorry for that too—I be indeed, Zur; but if corn wou’dn’t grow I cou’dn’t help it; it wer’n’t poison’d by the hand that zow’d it. Thic hand, Zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

*Sir P.* Oh! (*sighing deeply*)

*Asb.* It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide

wicked world because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, Zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that zomeit at inzide will jump against it with pleasure (*bowing*). I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do indeed, Zur; and if you shou'd, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever—I wool indeed, Zur.

*Sir P.* Your repentance will come too late! [*Exit.*]

*Aß.* Thank ye, Zur—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myzel agreeable—and so I'll go whoam.

*Speed the Plough, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

## INDEX



# INDEX

TO

VOL. I.

	Page
Acknowledgment	1
Advice	4
Affability (dangerous)	5
Affectation	ib.
Affection (conjugal)	6
(paternal)	9
(maternal)	15
(filial)	ib.
(fraternal)	31
(conjugal and fraternal)	32
(paternal and filial)	33
Agitation	37
Ambition	43
Amity	43
Anxiety	44
Apathy	48
Appearances	49
Apprehension	ib.
Appropriation	56
Argument	57
Artifice	58
Asperity	61
Avarice (the fate of)	63

	Page
Beauty	64
Benevolence	66
Benevolence and Avarice contrasted	76
Benignity	81
Birth	87
Candor	89
Captiousness	93
Castle-Building	94
Character	95
Claims	98
Compassion	99
Confession	101
Confusion	102
Conscience	105
Conscience (good)	107
Consideration	108
Consolation (ironical)	108
Contrition	112
Contrivance	113
Conviction	115
Cowardice	120
Curiosity	123
Custom	127
Deception	128
Declamation	134
Defamation	136
Degradation	139
Delusion	140
Despair	141
Detection	143

# INDEX.

255  
Page.

Discovery (the)	-	-	-	147
Discrimination	-	-	-	154
Disinterestedness	-	-	-	155
Divorcement	-	-	-	156
Duelling	-	-	-	157
Duellists (modern)	Ridiculed	-	-	161
Duplicity	-	-	-	162
Eclaircissement	-	-	-	163
Education	-	-	-	167
Effect	-	-	-	170
Egotism	-	-	-	174
Emotion	-	-	-	175
Envy	-	-	-	177
Equivoque	-	-	-	179
Evasion	-	-	-	191
Exposition	-	-	-	193
Extravagance	-	-	-	195
Fame	-	-	-	196
Fashion	-	-	-	197
Fidelity	-	-	-	199
Follies (fashionable)	-	-	-	200
Folly	-	-	-	201
Forgiveness	-	-	-	ib.
Freedom	-	-	-	202
Friend (the)	-	-	-	203
Friendship	-	-	-	204
Friendship (modern)	-	-	-	208
Friendship (real)	-	-	-	209
Friendship (the test of)	-	-	-	210
Gallantry	-	-	-	218
Gaming	-	-	-	221

				Page
Generosity	-	-	-	223
Genius (dearth of)	-	-	-	226
Gratification	-	-	-	<i>ib.</i>
Gratitude	-	-	-	227
Heartiness	-	-	-	236
Honesty proved	-	-	-	237
Honour	-	-	-	239
Honour (false)	-	-	-	242
Hospitality	-	-	-	245
Hospitality (modern)	-	-	-	247
Humanity	-	-	-	<i>ib.</i>
Humanity and Inhumanity contrasted	-	-	-	249
Humour	-	-	-	251
Husbands (their Prerogatives)	-	-	-	255
Impiety	-	-	-	257
Impudence	-	-	-	258
Incidents	-	-	-	263
Indignation	-	-	-	283

# INDEX

TO  
VOL. II.

	Page
Ingratitude	1
Insensibility	10
Integrity	12
Intervention	15
Judgment	17
Justice	20
—— (modern)	21
—— and Mercy	22
Knighthood	ib.
Knowledge	23
—— (self)	ib.
—— (superficial)	24
—— of the World	25
Law	ib.
Lenity	26
Life (fashionable)	ib.
Literature	31
London	ib.
Loquacity	ib.
Love	32
—— (disappointed)	35
—— (mutual)	37



	Page
Love (romantic)	39
— (the eloquence of)	41
— (the resentment of)	ib.
— (the test of)	45
— and Friendship	48
Loyalty	51
Luxury censured	52
Magnanimity	53
Manliness	54
Matrimony	55
Mercy	57
Metaphor	59
Misunderstanding	ib.
Money	73
— (the value of)	74
Mortification	75
Narrative (the)	79
Nature (predominant)	82
— (beauties of)	84
— (feelings of)	85
Novel-reading	91
Obligation	93
Obstinacy	94
Economy (false)	95
Officiousness	96
Officiousness cured	97
Officiousness reprov'd	98
Omen (the)	ib.
Ostentation	100

# INDEX.

259

Page

Perplexity	-	-	-	-	102
Pertinence	-	-	-	-	105
Perturbation	-	-	-	-	ib.
Philanthropy	-	-	-	-	107
Physiognomy	-	-	-	-	111
Pity	-	-	-	-	112
Plays	-	-	-	-	113
Popularity	-	-	-	-	114
Power	-	-	-	-	116
Preferment	-	-	-	-	ib.
Prejudication	-	-	-	-	117
Prejudice	-	-	-	-	120
——— overcome	-	-	-	-	122
Principle	-	-	-	-	125
Promises	-	-	-	-	126
Propriety	-	-	-	-	ib.
Prosperity	-	-	-	-	129
Providence	-	-	-	-	130
Prudence	-	-	-	-	132
Prudence checking Imprudence	-	-	-	-	ib.
Puffs	-	-	-	-	134
Qualifications (female)	-	-	-	-	140
Quality (estimated)	-	-	-	-	ib.
——— (ridiculed)	-	-	-	-	141
Quibble	-	-	-	-	142
Quizzing	-	-	-	-	143
Reason	-	-	-	-	144
Recollection	-	-	-	-	ib.
Reconciliation	-	-	-	-	146

	Page
Reflection	150
Remuneration	ib.
Repartee	152
Replication	154
Reprehension	156
Resentment	161
Retaliation	163
Revenge	170
Robbery (fashionable)	ib.
Sarcasms	171
Scandal	173
Sensibility	174
Sensibility and Apathy contrasted	177
Severity (parental)	183
Simplicity	184
Sincerity	187
Singularity	191
Sophistry	192
Society (present state of)	193
Spleen	196
Study	197
Suicide (prevented)	198
Superstition	199
Surprise	202
Sympathy	206
Taste	209
Tears	210
Tenacity	211
Times (modern and antient)	213

# INDEX.

261

Page

Tyranny defeated	-	-	-	-	214
Union	-	-	-	-	219
Valour	-	-	-	-	ib.
Vengeance	-	-	-	-	221
Vexation	-	-	-	-	224
Villainy	-	-	-	-	227
Villainy disappointed	-	-	-	-	228
Vindication	-	-	-	-	233
Virtue	-	-	-	-	234
—— (the test of)	-	-	-	-	ib.
Virtue and Vice	-	-	-	-	238
Weakness reprov'd	-	-	-	-	ib.
Wealth	-	-	-	-	239
Whim	-	-	-	-	ib.
Wit	-	-	-	-	241
Wives (obedient)	-	-	-	-	245
Worth	-	-	-	-	246
Zeal	-	-	-	-	247

Printed by J. Barker, Great Russell-street, Covent-garden.





## AUTHORS NAMES.

From whose DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS  
these EXTRACTS are collected.

---

Andrews	Jephson
Arnold	Kemble
Birch	Knight
Boaden	Lee (Mifs)
Cobb	Lee (Sophia)
Colman	Lewis
Conway	Macnally
Cowley (Mrs)	Morris
Cumberland	Morton
Dibdin	O'Keeffe
Dudley	Pearce
Greathead	Pye
Holman	Reynolds
Hoare	Richardson
Hurlstone	Sheridan
Inchbald (Mrs.)	

